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## Wavelength (April 1984)

Connie Atkinson  
*University of New Orleans*

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# Wavelength

APRIL 1984

ISSUE NO.42 \$1.50

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LA CML

## THE METERS

Inside:  
Jazz Fest Schedule  
Chris Kenner  
George Dureau  
Photographs

The World's  
Funkiest Band  
Is Back!



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# Wavelength

ISSUE NO. 42 • APRIL 1984

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*"I'm not sure, but I'm almost positive, that all music came from New Orleans."*

—Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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Cover photo by rico.

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Little Richard consults the Good Book.

## God Loves Little Richard, Not Fun-Arcaders

Around three in the morning on the eighth day, the Lord created cable television, whereupon we recently spotted a svelte Little Richard proclaiming to the lost sheep that he, too, had tasted sin. Snorted it, too.

"You know, I was a cocaine ad-

dict," Little Richard confessed to viewers of the Christian Broadcasting Network. "I was on cocaine. You know about free-basing—I was heavy into it. Ain't nobody say cocaine don't make you feel good—they're lying. It does make you feel good but it's only for a season without a reason that you're doing it, you hear me?"

"I was on alcohol, I was an alcoholic. I smoked so much marijuana they should've changed my

name from Little Richard to Little Marijuana. Every time you looked around, I had some. I used to say, 'I'm going to take a little walk.' I was going to take a little *smoke*, you understand me? Pills was just like blackeye peas to me—I had 'em in a bowl, with no spoons.

"Jesus came into my life. He showed that my body was a temple of the Holy Ghost and that God was holding me responsible for this temple. And being a Holy Temple, serving a Holy God, that I couldn't put anything I want to in my body because I was walking with Christ. That Jesus hung out on Golgotha's hill—He spilled His blood for me! He *died* for me!! His blood came trickling down for Little Richard!!!

"I said, 'Jesus, if you're gonna give me victory over these sins—if you can just show me...See, there's no degrees to sins. Some people think when you do certain things, you're a devil, but when you do this, you're all right. Sin is sin.

"God don't like no fun-arcaders like he don't like adulterers. He don't like drunkards like he don't like gamblers. He don't like stealing like he don't like lying, you understand me? And so on and so forth. God loves you.

"He's got angels all about you. He's got angels protecting you, baby. He loves you, Michael. We do, too. He loves you, Marvin. He loves you, Gladys. He loves you, Diana. He loves you, Berry Gordy."

## Jazz Fest Grants: Funds, Funds, Funds

Bill Rouselle called it recycling dollars as he handed out checks to the sixty-four recipients of the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Founda-

tion's second grant program on February 9. When all the receipts were in and all the bills paid, Jazz Fest '83 turned a profit. And with admirable foresight, the Foundation set about watering the roots of that money tree. Grants totalling \$106,072 were awarded to groups and individual artists. The categories were individual fellowships, scholarships, and general support grants for non-profit organizations. Photographers, musicians, decoy carvers, dancers, poets, playwrights, painters, actors and Indian chiefs all received financial recognition from the Foundation.

Emphasis was placed on supporting the cultural base of youth in New Orleans. Fourteen youth-oriented organizations and individuals received funding, including the Uptown Youth Center and McDonogh #15. In future years, we may be parading to "Mardi Gras Mambo" after grant recipient Alcee Fortier High School finishes adapting the Professor's music for marching bands. The youngest recipient of an award was twelve-year-old Patrick Taplette, who received \$500 to finance his studies with painter Clifton Webb.

Over 270 applications were received, more in the individual artist fellowship category than any other. The committee, headed by Rouselle, included Allison Kaslow, Earl Amadee, Claire Jupiter, Alan Jaffe and others. Grants for the support of established artists were awarded, as was the case with jazz saxophonist Earl Turbinton (who appeared at the last possible moment, sporting a greatcoat and a baseball cap) as well as monies for the up-and-coming, like award winner Carl LeBlanc. The effort to support groups not normally reached by public funding resulted in awards to Indian tribes, including Vincent Trepaignier, the oldest masking Indian, and the Free Missionary Baptist Church. It was not your usual corporate funding occasion.

The brand new Jazz Fest reception area, lilac and wood and white iron pillars adjacent to the Rampart Street offices, was a sea of smiling faces as awardee, awardees, proud parents, press, and friends exchanged congratulations and did the eating and drinking appropriate



RHONDA FABIAN

"The funny thing is, people in New Orleans expect music, not just at parties but all the time." Brooklyn-born vinyl hustler Record Ron had the right idea when he celebrated the birthday of his Good and Plenty Record store March 10 by bringing in a little of the live stuff. Duke-a-Paducah attended with the new a capella group the Uptowners (recently seen on Channel 2's Music City) contributing the harmonies.



to any New Orleans occasion. With continued good crowds and good weather, the Jazz Fest Foundation hopes this will become an annual event. As Mr. Trepaigier's wife put it, "It's nice to be nice."

—Virginia Levie

## Catty Ziggurat Descends On Oak Street

On the corner of Oak Street stands a vision of gleaming white, a lofty ziggurat erasing all traces of Jed's, once Tupelo's, once a mecca for new music lovers.

The building was untouched by the recent six-alarm blaze across the street, but it might as well have been torched to the ground and recreated. The current incarnation, CATS, is a gift descended from art deco heaven. CATS, which sits oddly in a Mayberry-esque neighborhood of shops, is part of a new genre—the video dance club. Metamorphosed from a cavern of dingy red bricks and damp, smoky clusters of tables into a gleaming interior of chrome and red and ebony, the club is covered with an amazing array of, well, cats. Cats of every conceivable kind and shape (cartoons are most prolific) adorn the club. The upstairs bar looks down through a jungle of streamers on to a checkerboard dance floor and video screens naturally blink from every available corner. Definitely a change of pace for the uptown scene, it's amusing and fun if you like to dance and you're not too terribly picky about music.

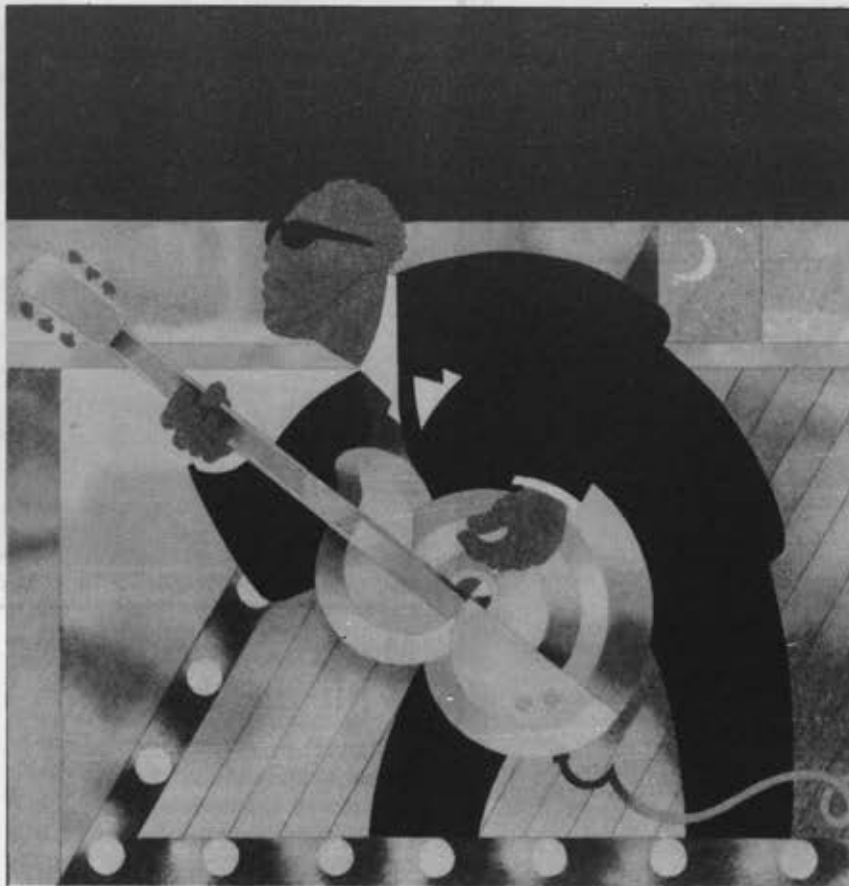
Yet one cannot ignore the past so easily. Ghosts of leather-coated anarchists sweating and screaming and plotting along with the Circle Jerks, Dead Kennedys, Red Rockers still permeate. The quiet philosophies of R.E.M. and Elvis Costello are bricked up but not forgotten.

—Allison Brandin

## Civilization's Anticipation Of 'Neville-ization'

After what is estimated to be nearly 17 years of law school and the subsequent completion of his bar (although not *barroom*) exam, Black Top Records headman Hammond "I'm Not Sensitive" Scott has announced that his label's next release will be a live, mostly-recorded-at-Tipitina's album by the Neville Brothers, co-produced by Houstonian Barry Wilson, a long-time associate and confidant of the Valence Street gang.

The album will feature six cuts (the Nevilles have a bit of trouble keeping things shorter than seven minutes), including the first new rendition of "Tell It Like It Is" since the original 1966 version



'Official' music by Johnny Adams and Earl King; 'Official' art by Steve St. Germain.

(which rocketed to #2 on America's pop charts); Art Neville's "Love, Hate, Envy, Jealousy"; and a Charles Neville-arranged "Caravan," composed by Duke Ellington. The album, dubbed "Neville-ization," should be on the shelves of your vinyl delicatessen no later than May.

—A. Pacoweigh

## And The Nommies Are...

The Bay Area has the Bammies, the nation has the Grammys, now New Orleans takes her turn. The first annual New Orleans Music Award (the Nommies?) will be inaugurated with a black tie gala April 26 at the Saenger. Scheduled entertainment for the evening includes Irma Thomas, Richard "Dimples" Fields and Lady BJ.

The awards, a violin and trumpet poised on a pedestal, represent a lifetime dream come true for the president of the New Orleans Music Awards, Inc., Tommy Tee. Mr. Tee began his musical career twenty-three years ago in New Orleans, singing with Oliver Morgan on "Who Shot The La-La" and has seen all sides of the business since.

Twenty awards will be given in the general awards category elected by the entire membership, from Best Male and Female Vocalist to Jingle of the Year. The general membership is open to the entire music community, pros and aficionados alike. Winners of the special awards, including the Louis Armstrong Award for outstanding support of local entertainers will be

selected by the fifteen-member executive committee, which at this writing includes Ernest Singleton of MCA Records, Bobby Mitchell, and Ron Gardner of the Mayor's Office, and Walter Brock from WWOZ, among others.

To find out more about becoming a member of the New Orleans Music Awards, Inc., call 944-0701. This could be New Orleans' newest musical tradition.

## New Orleans Rhythm & Blues: Old And Official

Deese Days Records unveiled its first ever album release at this year's Crescent City Classic 10K road race party at the New Orleans Marriott Hotel. Entitled *The Official New Orleans Rhythm and Blues Anniversary Album*, the record boasts new recordings of 12 of the most influential songs that came out of New Orleans. Included on the album are Johnny Adams, Earl King, Bobby Mitchell, Bobby Marchan, Robert Parker, Van & Grace (well, one ringer anyway), Lee Dorsey, Frankie Ford, The Dixie-Kups, King Floyd and Jean Knight. All of the artists perform versions of their best remembered hits.

The idea behind the release was spawned by the dee-jay Duke-a Paducah and producer Bill Johnston. All of the tracks were cut in Bogalusa's Studio In the Country, during January of this year. Johnston reported that as many as five foreign record companies expressed interest in licensing the disc for overseas issuing. Locally, the LP should be in most of the shops by the time you read this, and look for a major independent distributor to pick it up for national racking. Johnston also hopes to produce a poster of the album cover art, shown above, which was done by New Orleans artisan Steve St. Germain. Plans are already being made for a companion volume, which could be available by this fall.

—Almost Slim

## NEW RELEASES

- ▶ Ramsey McLean, *The Long View*, Prescription Records RM-1983
- ▶ The Cold, *16 Songs Off A Dead Band's Chest*, Top Pop Records.
- ▶ Sugar Boy Crawford, *Sugar Boy Crawford*, Chess-Vogue 427017 (France)
- ▶ Earl King, George "Blazer Boy" Stevenson, Little Eddie Lang, Billy Tate, etc. *Southern Blues*, Savoy 2225 reissue
- ▶ Al Ferrier, etc. *Let's Go Boppin' Tonight*, Flyright 597 reissue
- ▶ Buckwheat Zydeco, *100% Fortified*, Black top 1024
- ▶ Fats Domino, *Jambalaya*, PD. 500001 picture disc reissue
- ▶ Cleoma B. Falcon, *A Cajun Music Classic*, Jafel 101
- ▶ Chris Barber & Dr. John, *Take Me Back To New Orleans*, Black Lion 61001/2 (England)
- ▶ Bill Coleman & The New Orleans Wildcats, *Swinging In Switzerland*, Black & Blue 33.182 (France)
- ▶ Sidney Bechet & his New Orleans Rhythm Kings, *Jazz Nocturne, Vol. 1*, Vogue 502.007 (France)
- ▶ Fernest & the Thunders, *Live*, JSP 1067 (England)
- ▶ Clifton Chenier, etc. *From La. to L.A.*, JSP 166 (England)
- ▶ Kid Ory, Bunk Johnson, Sidney Bechet, etc., *New Orleans Masters*, Swing House 42 (England)

singles

- ▶ Tommy Ridgley, *Live While You Can / Sometimes You Can Get It*, Tudor (no #)
- ▶ Rafal Neal, *Hard Times / Down Home Blues*, Fantastic 102
- ▶ Robert Milburn, *After Midnight / Alabama Blues*, Sunnyland 104



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Mrs. Coleman at WWOZ-FM: "a stone down bass singer from the heart."

## Mary Coleman With the Angels

Mary Thames Coleman, one of the most unique and exciting bass singers that ever graced the gospel quartet tradition, was murdered last month in her Hollygrove home. Revered in the New Orleans gospel community, the legendary songster was 76 years old.

While growing up in Pelahatchie, Mississippi, Mrs. Coleman immersed herself in the shaped-note choir activity that permeated the central Mississippi countryside. She also learned to play guitar, listening to Lonnie Johnson and Blind Lemon Jefferson records on a wind-up Victrola.

In 1927 she moved to New Orleans and, as "Guitar Mary," began entertaining at local house parties. "Bless your soul," she once remarked while pondering these days, "I sang blues, I played the blues from four in the evening til four in the morning. I wasn't with the Lord then; I was playing for the devil."

Following a prophetic dream in 1933, she put down the guitar and joined Second Zion Baptist Church, then pastored by the Rev. C.S. Deslondre (better known as Sunshine Money). There she quickly jumped into the thriving quartet tradition, with the Second Zion Nightingales.

In 1936 Mrs. Coleman joined the Jackson Gospel Singers, a local community-based group that emerged during the war years as one of the most popular a capella female quartets of gospel's "golden era." Their success was largely due to the freewheeling, pumping-style bass voice that Mrs. Coleman developed in historic "Battles of Song" with the best male and female gospel quartets of that time. She was rightfully proud to be known, not as a contralto, but as a "stone down bass singer from the heart."

Mrs. Coleman cited Earl Malone, basser for the Spirit of Memphis

Quartet, as a specific influence on her compelling vocal style, which she alliteratively referred to as "dropping my bombs." Her primary source of inspiration, though, was her Maker: "Honey, I didn't sleep when we had a program, a contest, a battle of songs; I wouldn't sleep that night. I'd be up, honey, talking to the Lord most all night."

By 1945, the Jackson Gospel Singers were seasoned professionals, travelling to the churches and auditoriums of Chicago, Detroit, Memphis, and other major cities. The Jackson Gospel Singers made their first of several commercial recordings in 1949 for Star Talent, the label that first recorded another New Orleans legend, Professor Longhair. The year 1952 found the Jackson Singers on the Columbia subsidiary, Okeh, and finally, in late 1953, they recorded for the Atlantic label. Preserved among these artifacts are two spirited renditions of "Heaven Bound Train," Mrs. Coleman's popular trademark number during her long tenure with the Jackson Singers. When the group factionalized in the late Fifties, Mrs. Coleman formed another group, the Gospel Notes, continuing in the quartet tradition for another decade.

More recently, Mrs. Coleman garnered a new reputation as a soloist in the choir of the First Church of God In Christ. Her get-happy rendition of "Travelling Shoes" would highlight the annual Jazz and Heritage Festival's gospel tent activities whenever the choir appeared there. The Holy Spirit prevailed when that song was sung at her funeral. Among the many floral arrangements that surrounded her casket was a representation of those travelling shoes, shaped from colored daisies.

Mrs. Coleman lived the life she sang about. "Jesus is the solid rock," she would remark as she stared from her porch one August afternoon, "and honey I want you to know that I'm holding on to Him. I'm not going to Hell. When I go to my car this time of year,



Mary Coleman, far right, with the Jackson Gospel Singers.

open that door, and that heat hits me in the face, that gives me a double determination not to go to Hell!" Mary Thames Coleman, no doubt, is living with the angels now.

—Lynn Abbott

## Percy Stovall, 'Rural Bandit,' Dies At 77

It is with great sadness that we must report the death of the famed New Orleans booking agent, Percy Stovall. He died suddenly at Charity Hospital of a stroke on February 15, 1984. He was 77. Although often ignored by biographers, Stovall played a major role in promoting New Orleans rhythm and blues in the Fifties and Sixties, beginning with his booking Roy Brown, Paul Gayten and Annie Laurie. Perhaps Irma Thomas put Stovall's contribution in the best perspective when she said, "Stovall fed a lot of us musicians and entertainers."

"Stovall was a rural bandit," recalls Earl King. "He knew about every club, auditorium and armory that held dances between Texas and Virginia. He had his own little circuits. When the tobacco workers got paid off, he'd book a solid month in those warehouses in the Carolinas. When they finished

picking cotton, we'd be up in every little town in the Mississippi Delta. Same over in South Louisiana after sugar cane harvest.

"He was strictly for business. Nobody ever took advantage of Stovall. If you messed up once on him that was it. I remember he'd come in a club at night before a gig and see some of the musicians having a drink. Well, he'd say, 'Uh-uh, boys. Ain't gonna be none of that tonight.'"

"I like to think that some of the success I've had, Stovall was responsible for," added Irma Thomas. "He taught me to save money from each job. He always stressed being on time and being dependable. He said that's more important than talent most of the time and he was right."

Even though Stovall's health hadn't been the best over the past few years (he recently had a back operation and a cataract operation left him legally blind), his death was very much a surprise. Cleon Floyd and I encountered a completely healthy and lively Percy Stovall only one week before his death and a musicians' benefit was tentatively being scheduled in his honor. Word was slow in spreading, but his wake, two nights after his death, at the Tharp-Sontheimer Funeral Home, was reasonably well attended by musicians and friends. —Almost Slim

## blessed events



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## rare record

Chris Kenner  
**FUMIGATE  
FUNKY BROADWAY**  
Instant 3286

This record dates from 1967, near the end of Kenner's days with Joe Banashak's Instant label. Written and arranged by Sax Kari, the tune is an obvious answer tune to Wilson Pickett's then giant hit, "Funky Broadway." On it, Kenner urges that we "fumigate Broadway, so Broadway won't be funky no more!" In true Kenner fashion, he reels off the names of about half-a-dozen dances including "the fly, the monkey, the duck, the roach, the swim and the thread the needle." The flip side,



"Wind The Clock," is a continuation of "Fumigate" but with different lyrics. A good dance tune, the record made only a brief splash locally before being relegated to obscurity.

—Almost Slim

## caribbean

BY GENE SCARAMUZZO

## The Blessed Version

*Them want a DJ to mek them  
irie  
Them sent Peter Metro to be  
the MC  
Them say Peter Metro chant too  
much Spanish  
Them sent Josey Wales to be  
the MC  
Them say that the boy chant  
too much badness  
Them sent Sassafras to be the  
MC  
Them say Sassa come from the  
ass family  
Them sent Brigadier to be the  
MC  
Them say Briga chant too much  
Christianity  
Them want a DJ to suit every-  
body  
Them sent a limousine with ten  
police  
To escort Yellowman to the  
party.*

—from *Society Party* by Yellowman

With live group performances at a minimum in Jamaica, dance hall DJ's are the real stars of reggae music. The DJ's, with a stack of the latest hit records, a microphone, and a loud, bass-heavy sound system, mash up the dances in a totally different way, due to a strange feature of Jamaican 45 rpm's. All 45's have the song with vocals on side A and the same song without vocals (called the version) on side B. The DJs play the version sides and deliver a non-stop barrage of spontaneous ideas, messages and special dedications, and some even sing. DJ's have recorded this style in the studio

and occasionally live at the dance halls. In addition to the DJ's maligned in the above lyrics, other current favorites are Billy Boyo, Jah Thomas, Sister Nancy and, of course, Michigan and Smiley.

DJ music is the least accessible for local reggae enthusiasts and it can be close to incomprehensible for those only mildly interested in reggae. The DJ style features little or no melody. Instead there is the stripped-bare riddim (the version) coupled with a chanting that could be called repetitious.



John T.

But the real barrier for American listeners is that the DJ style represents a scene that is not happening here.

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New Orleans poet Yictove: another use of versions.

A hot DJ disc in Jamaica features the latest and hardest riddims, the current dance hall language and references to events at the dance, on the island and in the world. These records could be a hit anywhere. But the majority of records available in New Orleans are a year or more old and often designed to cater to American tastes. Ironically, the best stuff often stays out of ear range by intention.

Though they may be scarce, you still don't have to go all the way to Jamaica to pick up on some quality DJ sounds. Some great DJ discs, mostly twelve inch 45's, are beginning to show up at Metronome Records, and they may enlarge their supply depending on buyer response. On the Westbank Expressway, a small Caribbean record store, The People's Choice, stocks a few older albums and specializes in the very latest albums and 45's from Trinidad and Jamaica.

For those who prefer to stick with the easier to find, domestically distributed discs, a few recently released DJ albums are worth mentioning. Sun-splash Records has two *Live at Sun-splash '82* records which feature performances by Yellowman, Eek-a-Mouse and Michigan and Smiley. Both of these discs are good examples of the versatility and spontaneity the best DJ's exhibit as they work an audience. The Yellowman record especially is worth hearing. While I don't like the lewd slackness and folly on most of his records, this performance is a classic, recorded at the peak of his popularity in August 1982. From this same time period are two live-at-the-dance-hall records out on Heartbeat Records, *A Dee-Jay Explosion inna Dance Hall Style* and *Special Request and a Popular Demand (A Dee-Jay Explosion, Part Two)*. These feature toasting by some of the stars as well as lesser known (in America) DJs like Sister Nancy, Ringo and Sassafras. But don't forget these records are old, inna dance hall style 1982.

Seeing and hearing a great DJ working up a dance crowd will definitely get your body moving. New Orleans got a taste of live dance hall style last July at the Peter Tosh show on the Riverboat *President*, when the show was opened by Raps Reggae,

three DJ's named Bobby Culture, Brimstone & Fire and Louie Rankin who were travelling with Tosh.

The lack of a dance hall scene here has kept our one resident DJ in relative obscurity, even though he's a number one DJ. His name is John T, and many people know him from when he used to stand in with the Kush reggae band during the last two years. Since moving to New Orleans, he's been on the road a lot, opening shows for acts like Mutabaruka, Mighty Invaders, Trinidad Exotic Steel Band and the Killer Bees. John T has recently done guest appearances on DJ Elisa's Reggae Show on WWOZ radio Saturday nights, toasting over his own choice riddims, and his dub attack is always on the track.

Another regular Saturday night radio guest, New Orleans' poet Yictove, adds another use on version poetry. Yictove presents his written poetry over versions and dub cuts. His deep voice and New Orleans accent create a nice effect, which is very different from the patois of the Jamaican dub poets. In fact, it would be a mistake to call Yictove a dub poet because at this time dub poetry connotes the moral indignation, politics and social commentary of the Jamaican dub poets, most notably Mutabaruka and the late Michael Smith. Preferring not to be bound to one time or place, Yictove concentrates on universal messages and some downright romantic love poems. Presenting his poetry with reggae music is only one of his methods. He occasionally works with a live band playing jazz or African music. He also speaks his poetry to no musical accompaniment, and has also published one book of his work, entitled *No Big Thing*. Those who remember Dis Roy (Ras Anani), the DJ who for a short while around 1977 was sharing the DJ spot with Shepard Samuels on WTUL's reggae show, might also remember hearing Yictove reciting his poetry to reggae music way back then.

And finally, for some Jamaican dub poetry, the stuff that is guaranteed to make weak hearts

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tremble, check out *Word Soun' 'ave Power*, a new release on Heartbeat. This one was put together by Muta-baruka and Linton Kwesi Johnson and features six other creative poets: Sister Breeze, Malachi Smith, Tomlin Ellis, Glenville Bryan, Navvie Nabbie and Oliver Smith. All are backed up by the High Times Players, the band that appeared in New Orleans with

Mutabaruka. For dance hall fans, the Caribbean Show recommendations for this month are "Level Vibes" by Sugar Minott, "True Confessions," by Little John, "Rock and Come On" by Leroy Sibblis, "Shoulder Move" by Jah Thomas, and "I Can't Stand It / Locomotion" by Dennis Brown and Little U. Brown.

## art

BY VIRGINIA LEVIE

### Kind Of A Drag

On gallery walls around town in March, art was going up and down faster than flags over Beirut. Meanwhile, the major exhibition of the month was even cooler than expected, so cool in fact that on March 6, the longest running site specific performance ritual, blurring the divisions between art and life, was visually dampened by the temperature. But no matter, when the sun finally broke through over the St. Ann Street drag show, the effect was as planned and in retrospect the frigid weather only served to separate the true disciples of Narcissus, cheeks tingling in the frosty air, from the amateurs.

In the spirit of the season, the CAC mounted a show thematically clustered around our native passion, costuming. *Wearable Art, Art To Wear, Masks Invitational*, the show had a plethora of portable work and the opening featured potable art as well. (Colorado artist Garrison Roots, whose installation occupied the far rear of the space, was rather the odd man out in this company.) It all had to do with the body and how we cover it up, merrily transforming the impact along the way.

New Orleanians are just plain wild about costuming—we believe in it might be a more accurate way of putting it. However, the nearly annual effort to encapsulate this obsession within gallery walls regularly falls a little flat. The masks here seem lifeless without the people and street to support them. I did get a kick, however, out of Darlene Olivio Hingle's surreal hand mask, a familiar yellow kitchen glove with blue paper-cut-out eyes dangling from them on colored strings, but then I always did have a soft spot for Rubbermaid. It may well be that Mardi Gras is its own complete art form and attempts to utilize its special energy in traditional art settings are doomed to seem redundant or worse. The other portions of the show steered clear of Carnival and were the better for it.

Locals Lois Simbach and Clone creator Denise Vallon joined national artists in the *Wearable Art* show, assembled by visual arts coordinator,

**Art galleries  
alla Primavera:  
cultural detritus  
reborn, greasy  
elegance and  
funneled emotions,  
and a cross between  
a Lascaux painting  
and a black light  
poster.**

Alan Gerson. Simbach further toyed with our sense of fashion by contributing couture disposable daywear, available by mail order. Art costume veteran Pat Olesko, down from New York, brought with her oversized nuts and bolts creations which tend to house the wearer rather than clothe him. The pieces on mannequins in the front corner window spot facing Camp and Julia gave the sidewalk passerby the impression of a department store window designer gone berserk. Berkowitz's repetition of drawn figures echoing the seated costumed ones was memorable and Simone Gad's kitsch-gone-respectable visors had the dependable appeal of cultural detritus reborn.

But the work here that was the least "innovative" was the most rewarding to the viewer. *Art to Wear* from the American Arts and Crafts Museum was also one of the best color shows to be seen in this town for quite some time. Fairly traditional in the cut and intention of its garments, there were lots of kimonos, jackets and chemises. Most of the artists were women and all of the clothing can actually be worn, and in fairly ordinary circumstances. But this stuff is extraordinary in its exquisite use of materials, the attention to visual and tactile detail and above all its color sense. All the garments are handmade. In many of them, the fabric itself is either handmade or altered—loomed, crocheted, knitted, knotted, dyed, painted, or any combination of the above. It is frequently difficult in this exhibition to tell which garment is which from

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"Endymion and the Goddess of the Moon" by Anastasia Pelias Antippas at the Bienville Gallery.

the credits. But some worth mentioning are the kimono just inside the entrance, asymmetrical angular pinks, black crosses and greens, both cruel and pretty; the padded flying tiger jacket and tunic, handpainted silk in turning colors of green, black and turquoise with an underskirt of flushed sienna peeking out beneath like the tender color in the throat of an iris. I suspect all this violent and efficient use of color is aided by the limitation of the form and the cultural traditions that artists working in clothes have at their back to draw on. Absolute freedom is not always the best buddy of creativity. Whatever the cause, it would be swell to see some of the full tilt, effective use of color worm its way back into painting, from whence it has strayed too long.

Another satisfying bit of color from this period, this time photographic, comes to mind. Two photographs by Tina Freeman from her Chateau series, tucked in the back gallery of Simonne Stern, are little gems of mahogany light, unabashedly classical. Freeman wisely uses the passport of her birth to photograph sites of antique *luxe* and privilege, in violation of one of modern art's unspoken taboos. As subjects, ghettos are okay but Meissen porcelain is out. Such issues are a question of fashion but the photos here are clean, unpretentious and spare in their intentions.

Baton Rouge painter Melodie Guichet is also in the backfield, with several strong new paintings in which she has constructed three-dimensional black mazes to surround the small tortured gouache paintings of troubled figures. Rather than being superfluous, the maze frame makes sense, like physical configurations of the painstaking painted patterning that always has engulfed her figures before.

The paintings of Philip Neal, an artist of the same crop as Sweet, Rucker and Poimboeuf, are the main attraction. This show is more mixed than it looks, all the pieces being small, colored and gestural. Animal and anatomical imagery runs through the drawings with uneven results. In

general, the antelopes fare better than the kidneys. Their effort in these drawings as communications seems almost literal. In the paintings, the pigment is scraped rather than brushed. In one piece in particular, "My Carrollton," Neal seems to wrap up the various currents, mark, reference, technique, into an enigmatic little painting that has the look of a private world described.

In a surprising choice of relocation, Galerie Simonne Stern will move downtown this spring, to Julia Street in the vicinity of the Contemporary Arts Center. Aaron Hastings will also be travelling this month, though more predictably. They'll be neighbors to Mario Villa Gallery, making the Magazine Street consensus all but complete.

Tilden-Foley brought in some out of town talent in March when Los Angeles resident Gary Panter put up his cartoons, objects, prints and paintings in the gallery adjacent to a show by local Rene Haro. This show was a first for Panter, having never shown his original cartoons beside his paintings before.

Though you won't find Panter's creations, Jimbo and Pee Wee, in the funny pages of the *TP/SI*, his strips have been frequently published, best known perhaps in the alternative magazine, *Raw*. The strip has at least one ardent New Orleans fan, fellow cartoonist Bunny Matthews. Panter has a freewheeling approach in his cartoons, kind of a rowdy, disordered logic in both the storyline and drawing—giant cockroach villains, hoody girlfriends and blockheaded heroes. The "serious" work retains this vigor and narrative quality while being more fixed. My personal favorite was a yellow, black and blue outline bison with a diamond shape superimposed, a piece that looked like a cross between a Lascaux painting and a black light poster.

Artists rarely achieve much real financial reward from their work and when they do, it's even rarer for them to rock the boat by seriously altering their format. Rene Haro, like Gordy



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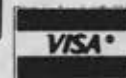
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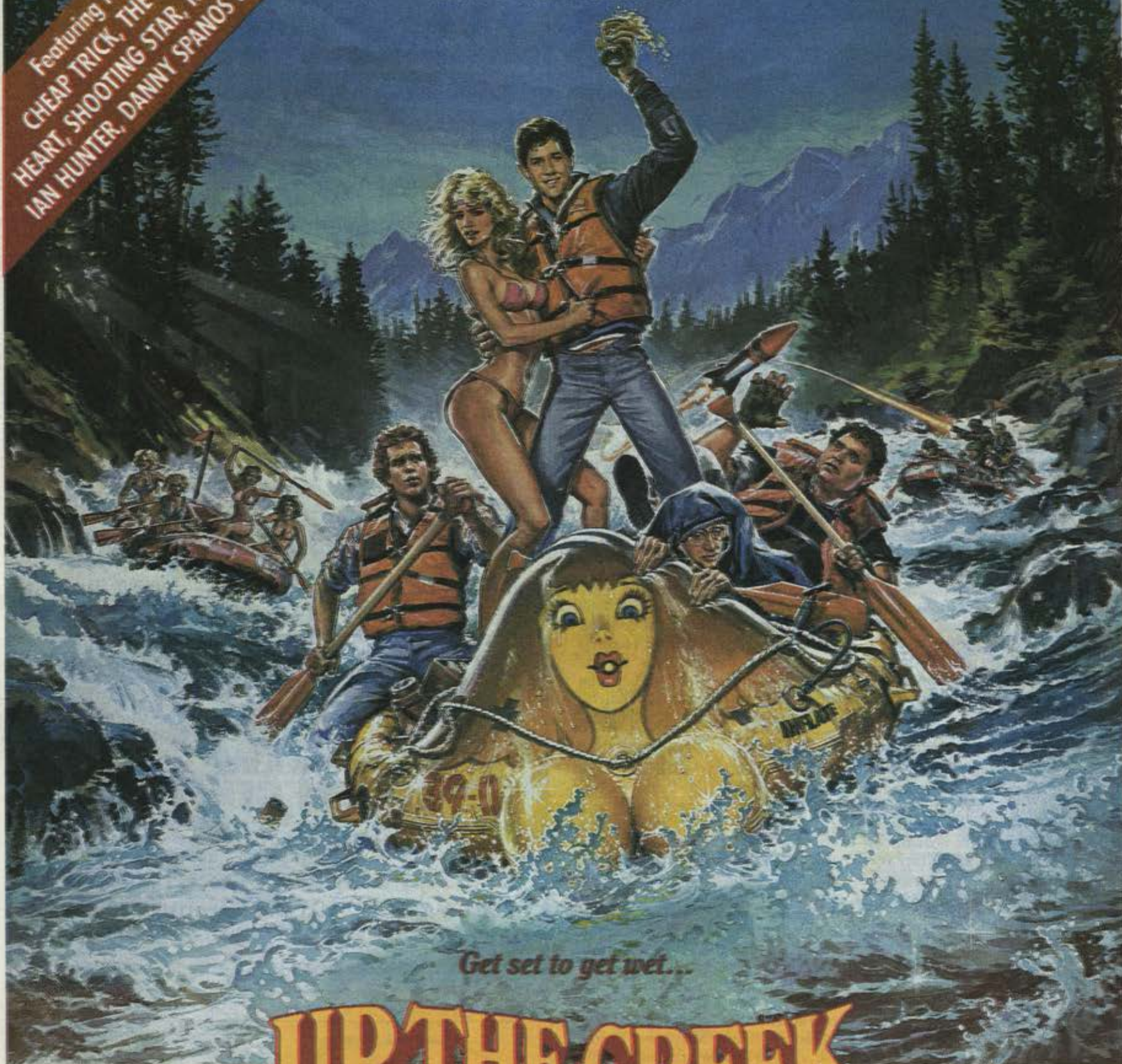
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last fall, elected to make such a transformation, and the paintings and construction in the front gallery are the result of a year's foray into internal waters. Angst gets played out here in exuberant color. The paintings have plenty of expressionist brush and some nod to that master of the figurative/expressionist crux, DeKooning, but the motifs are definitely Haro—watermelons, fish and an arched back, squealing mad dog emblem. He's got ample paint moving, often quite well, but an argument between image and mark in some pieces still needs to be settled.

And *en fin*, there's a new face at that pioneer gallery on Magazine Street, the Bienville. Fresh out of Newcomb, this is Anastasia Pelias Antippos' first one person show. With a handle like that, it's no wonder the oil stick drawings on paper are paraphrased as "mythographic portrait heads of Gods, Warriors, Savages, Priests," though to me they look more like the heartfelt projections of a 20th century mind. In

any event, they're wonderful. The black and white drawings have a greasy elegance, figures move up from a roughly worked surface. Noticeable similarities to other contemporary artists occur, that DeKooning feeling crops up again in "Maenad." The vulnerable abdomen in "Kore," a grey silhouette on a thick white background, recalls Manuel Neri.

Emotion is funneled into marks and limiting the subject to heads and torsos just makes the work that much tighter. Still, it is young work and not everything is rosy. Color doesn't work so well for her and the earth tone pieces like "Nubian Kouros," "Half Brother of the Nile-in-Flood" are clumsy compared to black and white stuff. Pieces like "Pygmy Warrior" have the gritty elegance of modern art, and ones like the lovely turp stained "Memnon Dying" and "Excavated Heads" reward long viewing. We can just hope this is only the beginning. ■

## reviews

### The Cold SIXTEEN SONGS OFF A DEAD BAND'S CHEST

Top Pop

Like David Byrne's "Cities" and most everything else in the world, the severely belated (about three years), professionally packaged and retrospectively relevant new album from The Cold has its good points and its bad points. First the bad.

The production on this record leaves a little to be desired. Side one contains those funny sounding singles that were recorded at Knight Studios in Metairie and side two was recorded on the Riverboat *President*. The live side has little presence or spatial ambience; it sounds like a through-the-mixing-board record, a technique which is almost totally inappropriate for a rock 'n' roll context. Were it not for the applause and assorted teen-squealings these could sound like studio cuts (which is certainly a compliment to the band's facility as players). And why did these singers (except DeGeneres and Smith, occasionally) insist on singing with those funny pseudo-British accents? I can remember going to Cold gigs and being floored by the physical power and pervasive sense of fun they often projected. Side two of *Sixteen Songs* just doesn't come close to that feeling.

On the good side, let's face it, the Cold always knew what it took to make a pop song click. Side one is as good as local new wave era power pop ever got and it contains only originals.

"Seem's Like Forever," "You" and "Mesmerized" are near-jewels of the genre and producer Vance DeGeneres had a hand in writing all these. Thank goodness they were included in the album (where's "Wake Up?"). A pleasant surprise is the writing of Bert Smith; his "Russian Around" jams double puns with the intensity of a flunking English major on acid. "Thanks A Lot," which Smith co-wrote with fellow guitarist Kevin Radecker, is goofy, unpretentious, and the funkiest cut on the record (Barbara Menendez' laugh at the end of the tune is the funniest moment on the record).

In short, if you always liked the Cold, then you'll probably like this album (you'll probably like side one anyway), and if you didn't you won't.

—rico

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Archibald's greatest attribute is the way he manages to inject so much humor into his songs. Check out



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"Great Big Eyes" or "She's Scattered Everywhere" to see what I mean. He has the benefit of superb accompaniment, including Dave Bartholomew, Ernest McLean and Earl Palmer, to name but a few. The boys really hit the groove and stretch out on the instrumental "Ballin' With Archie" and "Crescent City Bounce," although I'd have to say on occasion everyone should have checked their tuning.

Until now, Archibald has been a somewhat neglected figure, but hopefully this album will change all that. It is my opinion that his name belongs alongside all the other seminal Crescent City pianists. As far as blues players go, he rates second only to Longhair and you can't say any more than that!

—Almost Slim

### At the C.A.C. 3 GENERATIONS OF SAX

March 9, 1984

"Three Generations of the Saxophone," a series of jazz performances and workshops presented by Earl Turbinton, was held at the Contemporary Arts Center, Snug Harbor and Loyola University in early March. Branford Marsalis represented the new generation on soprano and tenor, Turbinton was next on the chronological ladder on soprano and alto, and the legendary forty-year-veteran tenor saxophonist and vocalist George "Big Nick" Nicholas played the grand master of the evening. The sax players were joined by New Orleans pianist Mike Peller, Miami-based trumpeter Melton Mustafa, and Curtis Lundy on bass and Greg Bandy on drums, both from New York.

Nicholas is a genuine jazz master, coming up in the music world in the 1940's through the big bands of Earl Hines, Tiny Bradshaw, Lucky Millinder, Sabby Lewis, J.C. Heard and Dizzy Gillespie. Best known for his tenure as emcee and band leader at Harlem's Paradise Club during the Fifties, he hosted regular jam sessions and parties

that included such giants as Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Billy Strayhorn, Max Roach, Thelonious Monk, Horace Silver, Betty Carter, Art Blakey and Baby Laurence.

Nicholas had not performed in New Orleans in over 25 years until Turbinton contacted him through Branford and brother Wynton, whom Nicholas has befriended in New York. New Orleans has a special place in Nicholas' heart, being the birthplace of one of his most profound inspirations, Louis Armstrong.

"Louis and Mahalia Jackson and Sidney Bechet, they went out into the world and were accepted everywhere," said Nicholas. "Sidney Bechet died in Paris and he was loved, they actually loved that man. Of course, people everywhere loved Mahalia and they loved Louis, naturally. But there are so many great musicians that live here. They don't want to leave home, they've got their families. They ain't thinking about going out in the world and they're just marvelous musicians."

The performances opened with extended sets led by Marsalis and Turbinton which included originals, standards, a number of Coltrane compositions and Mal Waldron's dedication to Coltrane, "Soul Eyes," musically tracing influences from Nicholas through Coltrane into the two younger generations. Turbinton reserved Nicholas' set for the *piece de resistance* of the evening.

"Nick was playing from the heart," said Turbinton. "You could hear his happy times, and you could hear the times he might have been a little bit sad. You could hear the emotion, the heart, the love in it."

A towering tribute to Nicholas' artistry and warm personality came in the Sixties when John Coltrane wrote and recorded the tune "Big Nick" on his collaboration with Duke Ellington. He looks on these relationships with artists like Coltrane and Parker as personal treasures rather than credentials.

"As far as Coltrane and Bird and I were concerned, we were friends," Nicholas explained. "Out of respect to them, I don't play their things. See,



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our relationship was on another level. It was like brotherhood. They respected me for what I was doing. So I left it like that because if I would have pursued that it would have done something to me. I wanted to preserve our relationship the way it was. Maybe once in a while I might play "Big Nick" or a Bird tune. Other than that I just left it alone, you dig? You see, I knew everything they were doing, they knew everything I was doing. 'Cause we could all hear."

Nicholas, Turbinton and Marsalis took their talents and insights to Loyola University to hopefully encourage and develop the next generation of jazz artists. "We just try and see how much love we can pass on. When the music is played in that spirit it's infectious. Everybody in the room sort of becomes of one mind. At one point when Brandford, Nick and myself were up there on stage together, you couldn't tell whether you were living in the Eighties, the Thirties, the Forties, the Fifties, it was just timeless," Turbinton added.

"Big Nick" put it another way. "I've done these workshops all over the country but to do it in New Orleans, it meant something special to me. After all, this music is a strong tradition here and these young people should know where people came from, and not disrespect it but cherish it and love it." —Bob Cataliotti

## McAllister Auditorium WYNTON MARSALIS February 24, 1984

If all the international hoopla surrounding Wynton Marsalis has fostered any suspicions locally that he is more a creation of the media than an artistic phenomenon in his own right, the Wynton Marsalis Quintet concert February 24 should have put those ideas to rest. Hearing him live, with Kenny Kirkland on piano, Jeff Watts on drums, Charnett Moffett on bass, and brother Branford on tenor and soprano sax, provides a new dimension to the meaning of ensemble playing. The ensemble is his instrument every bit as much as the trumpet. Through the medium of the concert hall, his music comes to us in exquisitely dramatic form.

Wynton uses no electronically produced sounds. An acoustic traditionalist? Perhaps. But the boldness of his dramatic effects—his abrupt shifts in dynamics, suspenseful pauses, ironic rhythms—seem to be at least partially inspired by techniques to which electronic instruments lend themselves. If a synthesizer player can shift from a whisper to thunder with a half-second manipulation of a slide control, then it is likely to become part of his style—*idem* with an automatic arpeggiator (cf. Wynton's circular breathing on repetitive passages). The analogy cannot be pushed too far. The point is that electronic musicians tend to increase the dramatic component of their sounds because their instruments

let them do it so easily, and this is the element of performance that Wynton and his band have chosen to intensify. The held notes with which Wynton harmonizes with Branford, creep up on you from nowhere, then burst before your eyes. Or a lush ensemble sound will suddenly drop off into nothingness, letting the listener tumble into a dark pit of silence.

The accomplished jazz passage playing is there, of course. Every member is outstanding in this all-star band. But all of this expertise—which we've heard coming out of Wynton and Branford's horns for years and which you can find on their records—is subordinated to the dramatic structure. The passage playing holds your interest, charming your mind, but it is the dramatic frame that moves you. The performance becomes musical spectacle in the best sense. The action intensifies then drops off; scenes change (enhanced by outstanding lighting effects), their juxtapositions startle—the musicians suddenly become silhouettes. There is an enormous emotional range. Wynton's records capture his music craft, but nothing matches the emotional intensity of his live concert. It is positively cathartic.

Wynton will be back in May, when he is scheduled to appear twice in the World's Fair Exposition's own jazz festival Memorial Day weekend. His first appearance is as part of the Louis Armstrong alumni band Friday night, May 25, and then in a Marsalis family performance, Sunday night, May 27.

—Joel Simpson

## Rads SCREAM OF THE REAL EMI/America DLP 19007

Now if you're one of those real *serious* New Orleans music fans (you know who you are—you there wearing the red bandana on your hand like Cyril Neville or something), you'd better hold on to your armchair (and/or joint) because this is an album by the Rads with Fess playing lead guitar and singing back-up vocals! That's right—the Rads with Fess on guitar!! You probably didn't even know that Professor Longhair played the guitar, did you? Well, he didn't, sucker! And this ain't the Rads with Eddie Volker on maracas and Frank Bua on tom-tom, either. It's another crummy Australian band and Fess is Fess Parker, heretofore unknown to my ears. The only thing worse than Australian bands are Canadian bands, an insufferably boorish race of musicians and not a good-looking one in the bunch. Doubters can ask Almost Slim, a native Canadian who hates Canadian bands with a passion. Why, he doesn't even like Gino Vanelli, the greatest New Orleans-style (well, Metairie-style) singer ever to exit the frozen Canadian wastelands.

—Bunny Matthews

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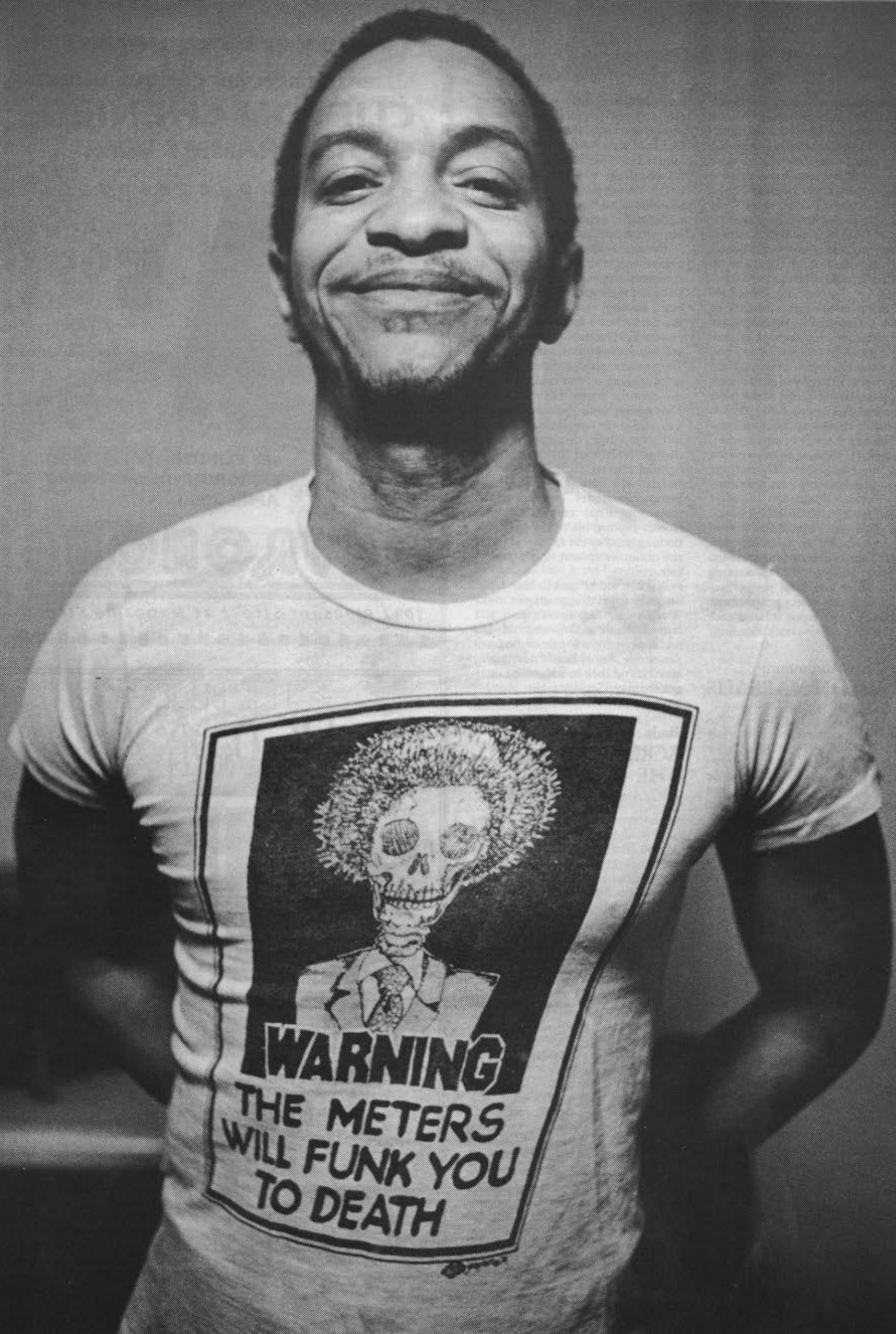
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PHOTOS BY RICO



One meter is equal to 1,650,763.73 wavelengths of the orange-red light of excited krypton of mass number 86. Four Meters are, left to right, Leo Nocentelli, "Zigaboo" Modeliste, Art Neville and George Porter.

# The Metric System

BY BUNNY MATTHEWS

This is how funk was invented in New Orleans. African slaves, upon arrival in New Orleans during the first half of the last century, discovered that they were allowed to practice their tribal drumming in Congo Square on the weekends—not so much because the city fathers were ethnologists but because the drumming was popular with tourists, whose contributions (and / or impediments) to local culture should not be underestimated.

After the Civil War (which temporarily halted the progress of tourism in New Orleans) came Reconstruction and the beginning of the Crescent City's modern tourism era. Despised as the carpetbaggers were, they had money to burn and a desire to be entertained, so the Afro-Orleanians concocted a new form of racy urbanized music called *jass* or *jazz*. Someone, inspired by these extraordinary sounds, said, "That's funky!"

It was funky but it was not *funk*. Jazz slowly evolved into music for the head—music to *mess* with your head. The Dixieland branch taxed no one's intellect, however, and for that reason, it has remained a perennial favorite with inebriated folks from Anywhere, U.S.A., making the promenade down Bourbon Street and acting like fools.

During the '60s, those tourists strolling past the Ivanhoe Piano Bar were afforded the opportunity to witness the creation—the actual birth—of funk. The creators were Art Neville and the Neville Sounds, composed of Neville—the former sailor and Hawkette—and his three young accompanists—guitarist Leo Nocentelli, bassist George Porter and

drummer Joseph "Zigaboo" Modeliste.

Funk, the music of this combo, was what organist Neville would call "organized freedom." True to the music's Congo Square roots, it was devoted to rhythms—cool, volatile, nasty, defiant, proud and often funny rhythms. The group's brand of instrumental funk was sparse and uncluttered; the ideas came from everyday situations: chickens scratching in the dirt, Carnival parades and V-8's running on six cylinders.

When the Neville Sounds were not in residence at the Ivanhoe, they toured the South in a blue Mercury station wagon, pulling a small trailer full of sound equipment and instruments. George Porter, the band's electronics whiz and general-purpose Mr. Fix-It, recalls the genesis of one memorable composition thusly: "'Look-ka Py Py' developed in the car while we was riding down the highway and it was something we heard in the engine. 'Booka-chee-uh, booka-chee-uh'—the engine was singing that. As I can recall, Leo was beating on the back of the seat and Zig started singing, 'Da-bow-she-bow-wow...' From there on, we was just going down the highway chanting."

The Neville Sounds came to the attention of composer / producer Allen Toussaint and his partner, Marshall Sehorn, who offered the band steady employment as session players *and* as a cohesive

unit—once the name was changed to something more fluid to the tongue. Toussaint and each band member wrote a name on a slip of paper, deposited the slips in a hat and selected one: "The Meters." The name was Toussaint's idea. During the Meters' early years, a recurring motif in the band's publicity photographs was the ubiquitous parking meter. Was the intended symbolism "pay-as-you-go funk"?

"At the time we was recording everybody and their grandmother, too," Porter says. "Everybody" includes Lee Dorsey ("Ride Your Pony" and "Get Out Of My Life, Woman"), Betty Harris ("Bad Luck" and "I'm Evil Tonight"), Earl King, Ernie K-Doe, Lou Johnson, Diamond Joe and such later, *outside* agitators as Lowell George (who contributed bits of oblique, uncredited slide guitar to the *Rejuvenation* album, Jess Rhoden, Robert Palmer, Labelle, Browning Bryant, Albert King and Richard Newell, a.k.a. King Biscuit Boy (posing in front of the Original Brown Derby on his album jacket).

For a period, the Meters continued to do their nightly sets at the Ivanhoe and devoted the days to work in the recording studio under Toussaint's direction. According to Porter, there was scarcely time for a quick po-boy: "We were just cutting sessions. We used to go to the studio in the



early afternoon and come out the next morning. We'd be recording four or five different artists at a time. We'd just go in there and stay in there 'til we were tired. Toussaint would have food brought to the studio for us."

The Meters, recording for the Josie label, released four consecutive hit singles in 1969: "Sophisticated Cissy," "Cissy Strut," "Ease Back" and "Look-ka Py Py." In 1972, after a successful tour of the Caribbean, the Meters released the first of five albums for Warner Brothers, *Cabbage Alley*, named for the old neighborhood stomping grounds of Art Neville's youth.

## A SELECTED METERS DISCOGRAPHY

During much of the '60s and '70s, the Meters were Allen Toussaint's main backing group on hundreds of recording sessions. Many of these tapes remain unreleased (presumably residing in the vaults of Sea-Saint Studio) and no one—not even the Meters themselves—can accurately account for all of these sessions.

Between 1968 and 1971, Josie Records released three Meters albums and numerous Meters singles:

### LPs

*The Meters* Josie LP 4010

*Look-ka Py Py* Josie LP 4011

*Struttin'* Josie LP 4012

A compilation of the Josie tracks later appeared as *Cissy Strut* (Island ILPS 9250) in a simulated alligator skin jacket. Approximately ten years later, many of these same selections were featured on the English album, *Second Line Strut* (Charly 1009), one of two Meters albums still available.

### 45s

*Sophisticated Cissy* Josie 1001

*Cissy Strut* Josie 1005

*Ease Back* Josie 1008

*Look-ka Py Py* Josie 1015

*Hand Clapping Song* Josie 1021

*Stretch Your Rubber Band* Josie 1026

*Doodle-Oop (The World Is)* Josie 1029

*A Little Bit Under*

*The Weather*

*Good Old Funky Music* Josie 1031

Between 1972 and 1977, the Meters released four albums on the Reprise label and one album on Warner Brothers:

### LPs:

*Cabbage Alley* Reprise MS 2076

*Rejuvenation* Reprise MS 2200

*Fire On The Bayou* Reprise MS 2228

*Trick Bag* Reprise MS 2252

*New Directions* Warner Brothers BS 3042

In 1983, RGA Records released *The Meters at Rozy's* [sic], purported to have actually been recorded elsewhere. Our informed sources tell us that the album was mastered from second-generation cassette tapes, thus accounting for the disc's feeble fidelity. Nevertheless, Art Neville claims that the album is *essential* Meters funk. The Rolling Stones, among others, are in possession of high-quality, unreleased live Meters sets from the mid-'70s.

The most radical aspect of *Cabbage Alley* (now deleted, like all other Meters albums, from the Warner Brothers catalog) was the introduction of vocals, provided by Art Neville (who had had his own hit records with "Cha Dooky-Doo" and "All These Things") and the charmingly gruff "Ziggy" Modeliste. Cyril, the youngest of four Neville brothers contributed the primary vocals (including "Be My Lady" and "My Name Up In Lights") to the Meters' final Warner album, *New Directions*, issued in 1977.

Leo Nocentelli, besides adding four or five guitar parts to each song, was also responsible for many of these lyrics. Nocentelli's lyrical work, as astutely observant of contemporary sociology as the songs of Bob Marley, included the great "Lonesome and Unwanted People."

There are bad people out there, Nocentelli's song proclaims, and more likely than not, they're going to get badder. These were hardly the usual funk



**The Meters, a band that has never had much competition in the realm of funk, will headline a Jazz Festival cruise aboard the President on May 5.**

lyrics about slipping out with the Backdoor Man to shake one's anatomy:

*Dig it:*

*While you're standing on the corner*

*Shooting sevens*

*You can be busy trying to help yourself*

*In a far better way...*

*There are people using drugs,*

*Popping pills,*

*Trying to get prescriptions filled,*

*Stealing money,*

*Stealing cars*

*And they don't believe in Santa Claus!*

*They just won't believe in Santa Claus!*

Of course, this was New Orleans—Roman Catholic New Orleans—and a little pleasure was not too unwholesome, as evidenced by the lyrics to "Fire On The Bayou," recorded a few years later:

*One brought a pill,*

*One brought a joint,*

*When you're getting down,*

*You're doing things right.*

The Meters were doing things *very* right during

this period. The albums recorded for Warner Brothers were uniformly spectacular in an aesthetic sense and Toussaint, wisely, let the Meters go about their business alone in the studio. The albums give production credits to Toussaint and the Meters although Toussaint was often away from the premises when the songs were cut, cruising around New Orleans in his Rolls-Royce and listening to the soothing Muzak broadcast by WBYS.

The zenith of the Meters' recording career was *Rejuvenation*, which features the classic selections, "People Say," "Africa," and "Hey Pocky A-Way," derived from a traditional Mardi Gras Indian chant, originally recorded by Jelly Roll Morton for the Library of Congress. *Rejuvenation*, with the unforgettable "Meter Maid" on its album jacket (three-foot-wide Afro, rhinestone-studded platform shoes, Twinkies, watermelon slices, crushed velvet upholstery, gilt bric-a-brac and a fifth of vintage Ripple), is funk *defined*—a heady synthesis of the rhythms and nuances of soulful New Orleans.

The Rolling Stones, ever vigilant for fresh musical blood, "discovered" the Meters at a party given by Paul McCartney aboard the *Queen Mary* (Bob Dylan and Karl Malden were among the dancers present) and hired the band as an opening act for tours of both Europe and America. On some evenings, the Stones refused to take the stage for an hour or more after the Meters' sets—so powerful and energetic was the music from these brash New Orleans funksters. Mick Jagger, above all else, does not like to be upstaged.

Commercial success—reaching the white middle-class masses—eluded the Meters. There were squabbles with managers and fights among band members. How could such things be avoided when the world's critics were saying that the Meters were the best funk band in existence, yet hustling to make ends meet was still the order of the day?

San Francisco producer David Robinson was hired to produce *New Directions*, which would be the final Meters album. The photograph on the album jacket—with the silhouetted Meters pointing their heads in five (Cyril was now a full-time member) different directions—could've been no more prophetic. The album, complete with a cover version of Peter Tosh's "Stop That Train," was recorded and the Meters secured a juicy kumquat—performing for the millions who tuned in to watch *Saturday Night Live*. Art Neville seized the moment and quit; smiling David Batiste sat in. Cyril, ironically, sang:

*I'd like to be a writer,*

*A singer or a fighter—*

*Anything I could do to get*

*My name up in lights...*

After the Meters' return from New York, Cyril also jumped ship and joined his brothers in the new family-oriented combo. The Meters, with "Zig" and Leo plus various substitutes, hung on—never quite dying, never quite living up to the funk standards of earlier days.

Alas, the Meters refuse to die and in a series of recent "reunions," the older and more refined Meters have attempted to engender a new, functional audience. Art Neville remains more devoted to the family band than to the Meters, Leo Nocentelli is a busy session-player on the West Coast and both "Zig" Modeliste and George Porter have numerous outside musical projects. The brightest spot on the Meters' horizon is a Jazz Festival cruise aboard the *President*, starring the Meters in their funkified glory, with Steel Pulse opening the show and Dr. John joining the Meters for encores. It is a well-deserved honor for a New Orleans band that has never had much competition in the realm of funk. Just ask 'em:

*I got the funk down to a tee,*

*Ain't nobody gonna out-funk me,*

*This is something you better not miss—*

*Let's see if you can out-funk this!*



dureau

*Linda Hopkins, left. La Lube Ali, below.*

"Carrying a camera has always seemed to me like something of an aggressive act. I really think that's why it's called shooting. I don't believe my talent is in going out and finding pictures. I find my talent is in bringing people here and working with them on their own terms." 'Here' is the upstairs studio on Esplanade Avenue; the photographer is George Dureau.

Dureau is New Orleans' signature artist, having simply gobbled up more territory than anybody else in town. In a period when such antique pursuits as painting, drawing and their upstart cousin, art photography, are divorced from pop culture, George Dureau's work remains popular in the best sense of the word. His pieces can be found throughout the city, from Ninth Ward bungalows to the drawing rooms of Audubon Place.

A painter for twenty years before picking up a camera, he started taking pictures of his models some ten years ago "just so I could get them out of my house. In those days I was drawing so much, there was always someone here." George Dureau the artist is a thoroughly local product. In New Orleans that means among other things that he is *not* obsessed by modernity.







*Ray Webster, above; Pee Wee Brock, right; Brian Reeves, below.*

He retains an old fashioned, atelier method of taking photographs. His models are posed in the window corner of his studio and he usually works only when the natural light is good. In the studio, backdrop cloths hang on the walls and a low side table overflows with old prints and contact sheets. There are props around the room: boxing gloves, a clarinet, pedestals, lances, a helmet.



The format of his pictures is classical and serene. Dureau is obviously content to allow the modern tension and rough stuff to come from the bodies and personalities of his subjects themselves. In ten years as a photographer he has taken pictures of children, cripples, dwarfs, artists, writers, weightlifters, break dancers, musicians, neighbors.

— Virginia Levie



*This page: The Turtle Band of Belize*





# Putting The Fizz In Swamp Pop

BY RICO

Swamp pop is not some new brand of sassafras soda brewed in Carencro to cure cayenne-induced ulcers, but this distinct local music does bear a noticeable formal similarity to Mama's best clean-out-the-icebox gumbo. Take Fats Domino's piano triplets, some of Hank Williams' pathos, take the joyous spirit, happy harmonies, and incessant beat of good chunky-chank, take some Jimmy Reed funk and a little of B.B.'s blues, take the simple but brilliant compositions of Cookie Thierry or Bobby Charles, the great vocals of Phil Phillips or Rod Bernard, mix this up with the powerful playing of the area's best musicians and you get a twenty-five-year-old recipe for real south Louisiana rock 'n' roll called swamp pop.

Swamp pop is the blare of three saxophones behind a wailing vocalist as you open the door to Connie and Jody's wedding reception at Camp Bayou Corne. It is the soaring bridge to "Sea of Love" that retains its power and majesty after a million spins on some cheap backwater honky-tonk jukebox. It's often crude, always real and very



Johnnie Allan

danceable. You can hear it in scores of big and little night clubs on any weekend from Donaldsonville to Port Arthur and it has won the Good Houserocking Seal of Approval from both Dave Edmunds and the Fabulous Thunderbirds.

Why, then, isn't swamp pop a household word in the living rooms of Louisiana and its cable-connected video screens? Why hasn't it been given the recognition and appreciation it deserves by other than a handful of fanatic European record collectors, hardboiled stateside enthusiasts, and rural jitterbuggers? Why isn't swamp pop and essential part of the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival?

This year, it is. Due largely to the efforts of British musicologist John Broven, singer Frankie Ford and manager Ken Keene, swamp pop will make its debut at this year's Jazz Fest. On April 28, Frankie Ford will welcome Rod Bernard, Johnnie Allan, Warren Storm, Jivin' Gene Bourgeois and Van and Grace (Dale is unavailable) to the Jazz Fest stage where each artist will perform a twenty-minute set of his or her most popular songs. Bernard, Allan and Storm are all residents of Lafayette and the trio gathered recently at Rod's house to discuss the upcoming event.

Johnnie Allan is a real character. As he wheels around Lafayette in his blue custom van, his boyish rascality peers through this well groomed, retired

school assistant principal. "You owe me two beers, bra!" is how he laughingly greets the impatient journalist who has given him the wrong directions to their meeting place. "One for me and one for my podna, Dalton!" (Dalton will later lend invaluable mechanical assistance to the journalist and his cantankerous Volkswagen.) But Johnnie's mischievousness turns serious when he begins to discuss the confusion with which some people see swamp pop: "I think for years people associated swamp pop so



Rod Bernard

closely with Fats Domino's type of music that they couldn't distinguish one from the other, but there is a difference. You can compare the sound of 'Mathilda' to the sound of 'Blueberry Hill,' and it's a different feel. But swamp pop music is just as indigenous to south Louisiana as R&B or Cajun or zydeco, and swamp pop has more big selling records, like Rod's, than Cajun and zydeco put together!"

Allan has never had that one smash single that many of his cohorts have enjoyed, but for the past two decades he has been a consistent draw and a strong entertainer at clubs all across South Louisiana, and he enjoys steady album sales. Although he and his peers have never graced the stage of the Festivals Acadiens or the Jazz Fest ("We've been trying for years, man, but they've totally ignored us"), you can bet that at the Hula Hoop Inn on Assumption Parish's Grand Bayou, Johnnie Allan's name is a household word.

Rod Bernard, whose 1959 hit "This Should Go On Forever" reached #20 on the *Billboard* Hot 100, reflects back on the early formative years of the genre: "We didn't intentionally try to create a certain sound back then, it was just everybody contributing their part to what we felt should be on it. We were all on that 'lick.' It's amazing how we were all thinking the same thing."

Since his initial burst of fame in 1959, which won him a tour spot with Frankie Avalon, Frankie Ford and Chuck Berry, a gold record, and an appearance on *American Bandstand*, Rod had favored studio recording and the occasional album release over the grind of weekend nightclub work. He now works as a sales representative for KLFY-TV in Lafayette and lives with his wife, two children, three horses, and several cats in a comfortable woodsy suburb of Lafayette. In the personal and financial security of his little piece of the world, Bernard can speculate on the future, both near and distant: "I've always wondered what would happen if we ever did a concert in front of a bunch of people, like the Jazz Fest, and we'd get to play a lot of these songs that we know are real pretty, real danceable, real listenable. I'm curious to see what the people are gonna say about it because there's so many of those songs that have been laying around here since the Fifties that we know of, but that very few people outside this

area have ever heard. I'm just a little afraid that these beautiful songs might all die with us."

As a strong vocalist and even stronger drummer, Storm has seen the development of swamp pop from the inside out. His 1958 version of "Prisoner's Song" was a massive hit along the Gulf Coast and earned him a spot in J.D. Miller's stable of outstanding session players. His taut drumming style has graced the grooves of many classic singles and albums issued from the Crowley studio including Slim Harpo's "Rainin' In My Heart" and Lazy Lester's seminal album of South Louisiana R&B, *True Blues* on Excello. Warren acknowledges that the Floyd Soileau/J.D. Miller/Eddie Shuler triad was integral to the development of swamp pop ("they had the studios"), but he is also quick to credit his fellow session musicians with their vital contributions. "We always had a real good time on those sessions, but you didn't have any strangers back then like you have today. We just all played our parts like we felt. We went by feeling. The musicians did most of the arranging."

Like his buddies, Storm has a true irrepressible Cajun sense of humor. "It's real funny to see how some of the clubs can misspell your name. My band is called 'Cypress and Willie Tee' [Trahan]. We played this club in Monroe one night and when we pulled up outside, the sign said: 'Tonight: Norm Storm and Cypress with Willie Tree!' Man, I'll bet at least ten people showed up to see us that night!"

Warren Storm, Rod Bernard and Johnnie Allan are three very typical swamp pop artists and close friends. They share a camaraderie, a common ethnic and musical heritage of which they can be rightfully proud. They also share a refreshing optimism



Warren Storm

PHOTOS BY RICO

about the future of their art form that shows in the smile of Johnnie Allan as he leans across the table with an almost confidential scoop: "Hey, you want somethin' for *Wavelength* magazine, bra, look, on June the tenth there's gonna be a swamp pop festival right here in Lafayette. A.J. LeBlanc, the director of the Alleman Center, it's for retarded kids, is putting it on at the Acadian Village. Rod, Warren, and myself will be there with Jivin' Gene, Roy Perkins, thirteen of us all together. We're doing this for free. We're gonna send letters to all the major networks, it's gonna be a worldwide publicized thing. Finally," he says with a satisfied chuckle, "our own festival!"



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What do Fats Domino, The Doors, Cannibal and the Headhunters, Junior Walker, Tom Jones, Wilson Pickett, Ike and Tina Turner, Major Lance, Paul Revere and the Raiders the J. Geils Band and Patti Smith all have in common. Here's a clue:

*You gotta know how to pony,  
Like Bony Morone.  
You gotta know how to twist,  
Goes like this.  
Mash potatoes,  
Do the alligator.  
Twist a twister,  
Like little sister.  
Then you get your yo-yo,  
Say hey, let's go-go.*

That's right. All the previously mentioned artists, plus a number of other major artists and lesser known ones, have recorded versions of one of the most recognizable rock 'n' roll songs of all time, "Land Of 1000 Dances," which was written and recorded originally by New Orleanian Chris Kenner. But Kenner was much more than a one-shot wonder. Besides having his material recorded by scores of other artists, he also managed to cut a few of his own hits. Kenner ranks next to Allen Toussaint and Bartholomew-Domino as a songwriter, yet his death a few years ago went virtually unnoticed and his work has largely been taken for granted.

Christopher Kenner was born on Christmas Day in 1929 in Kenner, Louisiana, a suburb of New Orleans in adjacent Jefferson Parish. Like many other R&B performers, Kenner began singing with his local church choir as a youth, and later with a gospel group, the Harmonizing Four.

After moving to New Orleans to work as a longshoreman, Kenner continued to sing in an informal gospel quartet with his brother, John Davis, and Earl King. Gospel singing would influence Kenner greatly, even after he made the switch to R&B in the late Fifties.

A squat, heavyset man of medium height, Kenner easily assumed his nickname, "Bear." Before turning to songwriting, Kenner had tried prize-fighting to pick up some extra money. "Chris had been trying a long time before he got a break," recalls Earl King. "Every time one of these record companies came to town Chris would be down at Cosimo's trying to audition. Johnny Vincent [Ace Records] was interested in a tune Chris had and he wanted someone else to cut it.

"Chris was always kind of a loner. He wasn't into the Dew Drop or the Tiajuana scene in those days. But you could always see him on the corner

outside Sam's or the Dixie Belle on Rampart. See, Chris liked to oil—he liked to drink."

Kenner's first break came in 1957, when Baton Records, a New York R&B label, came here looking for talent. This time Kenner had made the grade and he cut the bluesy "Don't Pin That Charge On Me" and "Grandma's House." Despite the high quality of Kenner's performance, the record didn't sell and he continued working on the docks.

Not long after the Baton disappointment, Kenner approached Dave Bartholomew who was running Imperial Records in New Orleans. "Chris was always a person who didn't have a voice," Bartholomew told Rick Coleman and Terry Pattison in a radio interview. "Chris had been coming around for years. This day he said, 'I got something really good today.' I said, 'It better be, because I'm getting ready to go to lunch.' So he sang 'Sick and Tired,' and said, 'What do you think of that?' I said, 'You got it!' I didn't need no more. Sure enough, we recorded the tune and it was a very big tune for Chris."

According to Lee Bates, a fine soul singer in his own right and later a chauffeur for Kenner, there was considerable time between the actual recording of "Sick and Tired," and its release. "Chris was hauling sacks of sugar on the docks after he cut 'Sick and Tired,'" says Bates. "He was at his sister's house when the record first came on the radio. He didn't even know they were playing his record. His sister had to say, 'Chris, that's you on the radio!' He didn't even know himself! All of a sudden, bam. Chris is in a station wagon and we are working on the road."



Left to right: Buddy Williams, drummer; Johnny Adams; unknown comedian; Chris Kenner, 1964.

'Mash potatoes, do the alligator...'

## CHRIS KENNER: MAN OF 1,000 DANCES

BY ALMOST SLIM

Kenner's bookings were done by Percy Stovall. "I always wondered why Chris had them hits," recalled Stovall just before his death. "He couldn't sing, he couldn't dance, he dressed raggedy—he just stood there. He didn't have any showmanship and he was drunk all the time.

"I put him on the road with the Dukes of Rhythm and I used to tell them to play loud, to cover him up. I never did book Chris back into the same place twice. I tried to get him to let Little Jessie Thomas take his place on the road, but he wouldn't have any part of it. I was in North Carolina once and I tried to tell him, 'Man, you got to please the people, you can't get away with that foolishness.' He would get so drunk he would forget the words to his song. They used to boo and throw bottles at him."

"Sick and Tired" proved to be a big local hit for Kenner in 1957. It inspired a version by Fats Domino the following year that became a substantial national chart buster. Nonetheless, Kenner would have only one more record on Imperial.

"Lew Chudd [owner of Imperial] said he couldn't handle him," continues Dave Bartholomew. "he said he didn't have a voice and he didn't think he was selling. One thing Chris had, he was a hell of a writer. And he was original. Lew Chudd dismissed him, but it turned out he was wrong because he stirred the world up a couple of times."

After receiving his release from Imperial, Kenner began making the rounds of the local independent labels. He stopped in to see Joe Banashak, who owned A-1 Distributors, the company that was getting Minit Records off the ground in 1959. Although Banashak felt most of his material sounded too much like "Sick and Tired," he expressed interest in recording a tune Kenner had down on a demo tape called "I Like It Like That." The project had to be scrapped for a time when the two couldn't come to contractual terms because Kenner apparently demanded an exorbitant 10¢ a record.

Eventually Kenner approached Wallace Davenport, who had a small label called Pontchartrain, and cut the rambunctious "Don't Make No Noise." Soon after, he had an isolated release on Joe Ruffino's Ron label "Rocket to the Moon," but neither sold like "Sick and Tired."

Later, in 1961, Kenner reapproached Banashak, who had since embarked on a new label called Valiant, with Irving Smith, the owner of a local record shop. This time the two came to an agreement and Kenner was dispatched to the studio with Allen Toussaint at the helm as arranger and producer. They cut "I Like It Like That," the tune Kenner had originally pitched to Banashak.

"Chris didn't happen until he got with Allen," says Earl King. "His stuff would turn a lot of people off. It took Allen to interpret what he meant. If you'd ever heard some of those tunes before they were cut they were nowhere near what the records were like.

"Chris kept the songs in his head. He got a lot





of his ideas from Willie Mabon and Joe Turner. I think a lot of his songs sounded like Willie Mabon's style on 'I Don't Know.' His whole theme of writing was around Willie Mabon."

Just as the record peeled off the presses, Banashak and Smith were forced to change the name of their label when it was brought to their attention that a Valiant label was already in existence in California. Banashak knew that deejays were constantly looking for "instant" hits, so he decided to give them some—he named the label Instant Records, which would soon become one of the most influential and important R&B labels in New Orleans.

The name change hindered "I Like It Like That" initially, but after a few months of moderate sales, it spilled its exuberance over onto the national R&B charts and the pop charts soon after. When the smoke finally cleared, "I Like It Like That" sold one-half-million records during its seventeen-week climb to #2 in *Billboard's* Hot 100. Kenner appeared on Dick Clark's *American Bandstand* in June and his song was nominated for a prestigious Grammy Award. Quite a beginning for Kenner and a new record company.

Unfortunately, probably no one was more ill-suited to rock 'n' roll stardom than Chris Kenner. A kind but simple man, Kenner's drinking and spending sprees were legendary. Besides constantly frustrating promoters by missing gigs—not to mention forgetting the words to his songs—he just didn't behave in the manner befitting a person with the #2 record in the country.

"Chris was like Jimmy Reed," says Earl King. "If he was sober, it was abnormal. When Chris got his money, he put himself up in a hotel room. As long as he had his liquor, he would isolate himself from the public. If he had liquor and room service, that was his thing. He'd stay there until all the money was gone. When he was broke he was on the street and back to normal."

Lee Bates concurs. "Chris was a hotel man, he liked to stay up in a room. We had been with him in the morning when he had three or four thousand dollars and he'd be begging money for drinks

**'Chris was like Jimmy Reed. If he was sober, it was abnormal.'**  
—Earl King

that night. He'd give all his money to some woman in the projects.

"My job was to try and keep him sober. He never was too good on stage except when he wasn't drunk. Drink took over his mind and he lost a lot of gigs. Some nights I remember he couldn't even stand up to sing. But when Chris ate, I ate. He kept me alive. He was that kind of guy."

On the record front, Kenner's second Instant release, "Packin' Up," fell far short of the promise of his debut disc, selling poorly even in New Orleans. Not so though for his third Instant release, "Something You Got," which didn't hit nationally, but became one of the biggest local records of the Sixties.

"'Something You Got' sold a lot of records here," recalls Instant's boss Joe Banashak. "I couldn't figure out why because I couldn't even give it away as close as Baton Rouge. Well, I asked K-Doe and Benny Spellman why the record was selling and they said, 'Don't you know, man? The kids are learning to dance the Popeye to 'Something You Got.' Well, I'll tell you how dances affected records: we sold 30,000 records and that was just in New Orleans off the Popeye."

Kenner had a couple of other releases on Instant in 1962, the gospel-flavored "Time" and "Let Me Show You How To Twist." The latter incorporated the "I Like It Like That" formula while trying to cash in on the latest dance craze. "Twist" and its flip, "Johnny Little" were a departure from most of Kenner's early releases in that both sides were penned by arranger Allen Toussaint (under the alias N. Neville).

"Allen had trouble writing for Chris," claims Banashak. "He took all these funny little breaths

that only sounded good when they came out of Chris. I think Allen intimidated Chris a bit because of his talent. Chris would always be sober and on time for those sessions when Allen was around. You have to give Allen a lot of the credit for Chris' success because he really worked hard on those songs."

Later that year, Kenner wrote and recorded the song which would become synonymous with his name, "Land Of A 1000 Dances" (reworking an old spiritual, "Children Go Where I Send You") by interspersing verses about all the current dance trends. Whether he could handle it or not, rock 'n' roll immortality was on the immediate horizon. Curiously, nowhere on the record does Kenner say anything about a "land of a thousand dances," even though he does name twenty or thirty dances. But a privileged listen to the master of the tune clears up the mystery. It contains a ten-second introduction that was omitted from the issued record. On it Kenner moans in true gospel fashion, "I'm gonna take you, baby, I'm gonna take you to a place. The name of the place is the land of a thousand dances," and then the band falls in. Later on Kenner even forgets a verse and manages to moan instead of sing at other appropriate moments.

"Chris kept the songs in his head," says Lee Bates, who observed a number of Kenner's sessions. "He didn't write down nothing. Chris would get behind the piano and moan and groan until he came up with an idea and then he was ready to cut."

At the start, "Land Of A 1000 Dances" failed to catch on, even in New Orleans. This was much to the chagrin of Joe Banashak who desperately needed a hit to save his struggling distributorship. To bolster sales of the record, Banashak suggested that Kenner try to get Fats Domino to record it for Fats' new label, ABC. On the advice of his lawyer, Charles Levy, Fats agreed to cover the tune in return for 50% of the song's publishing and writer's credit. Kenner was broke again and was only too happy to get some advance money. But if that wasn't enough, Kenner also cemented a similar deal with Fats for the rights to



"Something You Got" and "Packin' Up."

Even Domino's cover failed to stir the ashes of Kenner's version, however, and "Dances" was considered all but dead. To make matters worse, A-1 filed for bankruptcy, putting the entire Instant label in limbo.

However, after more than a year, a strange thing happened to the record, as Joe Banashak picks up the story: "Losing the distributorship was a real blow. I was completely out of the record business for a while. I started pulling weeds and cutting grass to relax my mind. Well, I got a call one day from a distributor in Chicago who wanted 2,000 copies of 'Land Of 1000 Dances,' and the record started happening there. Then Atlantic came to see me and they were interested in the record. I owed them some money and I needed some too, so I signed

a deal. What I didn't know was that the pressing plant had an order for 15,000 the very next day. But it was too late, the record started breaking all over the country.

"Atlantic took the credit for making 'Land Of 1000 Dances' happen but it was already breaking without them. They had the single and I leased an album to them a little later. It was a good move for Chris. I was going through a dry period and it put him on an active label."

Kenner's version of "Dances" reached a respectable #77 during its seven-week stay in the charts, but really that was just the beginning. Kenner started gigging on the road again, often with tragicomic results. Percy Stovall recalled that there was more than one Chris Kenner imitator posing as our hero. Once he related, the real Chris Kenner had

bottles and drinks thrown at him by an irate audience, when they felt that the authentic item was actually a fraud.

Rejuvenated by "Land Of A 1000 Dances," Banashak reactivated Instant with a series of releases by local artists, including Kenner. "Come Back and See" and "What's Wrong With Life" were good tunes, but only scored around New Orleans.

Towards the end of 1963, Kenner, Johnny Adams, George French, Joe Jones, Eskew Reeder and Earl King were in Detroit auditioning for the Motown label. According to Earl King, Berry Gordy was set to sign Kenner, who was nearing the close of his Instant contract. "At the time, 'Land Of A 1000 Dances' was #1 in Detroit and it was scorching. Chris had a gig at the Greystone Ballroom with George French and Johnny Adams. When those guys got through, there was no response from the audience. But when Bear got up there, it was like a time bomb went off. He must have been sober that night because when he hit the stage, everybody in the place fell out screaming and hollering.

"That's the thing about a hit record, once it gets going, things snowball and there's not much you have to do. I think the reason why a lot of Motown groups put 'Land Of A 1000 Dances' on their albums was because it was such a hit in Detroit. Berry Gordy was all set to sign Chris, in fact they recorded some stuff, but Chris split a day before the rest of us and left Berry with the hotel bill to pay. I think that made him leery about Chris and nothing ever became of it."

Kenner eventually did get a premature release from Instant in 1964, engineered by Charles Levy, who was now also Kenner's legal counsel. Soon after, Kenner signed a songwriter's contract for Fats Domino. In return for writing material exclusively for Domino, Kenner received a \$500 advance, and \$20 a week for the 20-week duration of the contract, to be subtracted from his forthcoming royalties. On top of that, Fats would receive half of the writer's credit and, of course, half of the publishing money.

Although nothing much came of the Domino arrangement, quite suddenly, a number of covers of Kenner's tunes became national hits. In the summer of 1964, fellow New Orleanian Alvin Robinson had a #52 hit with "Something You Got." Then early the following year, a garage band from California, Cannibal and the Headhunters, scored a #30 hit with "Land Of A 1000 Dances," which was followed by the Dave Clark Five's rendering of "I Like It Like That," which notched in at #7. Not to be outdone, Wilson Pickett had his biggest record ever in 1966 with "Land Of A 1000 Dances," which climbed to #6.

As a result, Kenner was on the receiving end of a tremendous amount of BMI songwriters' royalties. "I think all that money was a shock," says Earl King. "I really think it did a number on his mind. A lot of people didn't think Chris was getting his money at all because every time you'd see him he was out on the streets looking like a bum—but that was Chris.

"Chris was the only guy that ever owed money to BMI. Every time I would see him, he'd ask me to type a letter to BMI to get an advance. And they would send it because they knew that money was coming in. Every few months they'd send him a check for three or four thousand dollars."

Eventually Kenner resigned with Banashak in 1965 after he failed to secure a better deal elsewhere, but he would have mixed results there. Banashak leased a session on Kenner to Uptown Records, which was produced by Allen Toussaint. Although "The Life Of My Baby" b/w "They Took My Money" was a catchy single, it failed to click. "Never Reach Perfection" and "What's Wrong With Life" later appeared on Instant and captured

Cont'd on page 36

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# The Delicate Tongue Of Leroy Jones

BY ALAN EDELSTEIN



New Orleans trumpeter Leroy Jones was only fourteen years old when he was chosen to perform during half-time ceremonies at the 1972 Superbowl. In predictable show biz fashion, the promoters chose to dub him "Little Louis Armstrong." Seemingly contrived and overblown, the title is actually quite appropriate, fitting Jones' mastery of the traditional New Orleans idiom and his musical attitude as well. Like Armstrong, he finds no contradiction in being an unabashed entertainer as well as a self-conscious artist. "I want to make people happy," Leroy says, with words that deflect the seriousness of his ambition. "Make 'em snap their fingers."

The New Orleans musical community, at least, knows what he's up to. Fellow New Orleans trumpeter Terrance Blanchard, in an interview conducted soon after joining Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, spoke about Jones as "the first person to really open my eyes to how a trumpet should be played. Even when he was in high school, he was monstrous. It's a shame he doesn't get the recognition that he should." Having recently landed a gig five nights a week at the prestigious Hotel Intercontinental, Jones now has the opportunity to expand his local following. The entertainer in him just couldn't be satisfied with remaining a musician's musician.

Born in New Orleans' Lower Ninth Ward in 1958, Leroy began playing trumpet at age eleven, first inspired and instructed by his trumpet-playing music teacher, Sister Mary Hilary. By the end of one year he was already playing well enough to lead the Fairview Baptist Church Christian Band, a group initiated by the Reverend Andrew Darby and directed by two elder statesmen of the New Orleans jazz scene: Danny Barker and Charlie Barbarin, Sr. Barker remembers that the Jones garage on St. Denis Street was the center of activity for the neighborhood's musical youth.

"I used to walk down the street and listen to Leroy and his friends playing rock music," Barker said, "and I got to thinking that they should be playing jazz. Leroy could play with sense, not just foolishness."

Before long the Fairview Band began playing local parades and concerts (including the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival), eventually attracting national and international attention, winning engagements at a Kennedy Center jazz tribute and later for a BBC broadcast.

Though raised a Catholic, Leroy has a deep appreciation for the Baptist Church influence in his music. "I've always had the church in my music, you know, the Baptist spirituals like 'Bye and Bye,' 'Closer Walk With Thee,' 'Saints Go Marching In.' And then we used to sit in church and watch those

gals sing gospel, you know, *the soul...*"

In 1974 Leroy left the Fairview band in the hands of younger musicians, and formed his own Hurricane Brass Band. This group played the Smithsonian Institute of Folklore Festival as well as intermission sets for a few Quincy Jones-Brothers Johnson concerts. The seemingly incongruous combination of contemporary funk and New Orleans street jazz did not phase Jones, who views all music as a kind of organic whole. "I don't believe in cutting myself off from the latest sounds. I like Michael Jackson, I like some of the things Grover Washington is doing. I guess my favorite pop groups would be Earth Wind & Fire...and the Crusaders."

By the end of 1976, Jones turned down a scholarship to Loyola's School of Music ("My learning comes from being around other musicians") and began playing with Lee Bates and Hot Corp. Inc., a Bourbon Street-based jazz-rock and rhythm and blues band.

With this group, Jones made his first extended but ultimately ill-fated excursion outside New Orleans. After a four week, thoroughly mismanaged jaunt through central Florida, he returned home broke and without prospects for steady work.

A major turning point for the young musician came about a year later when clarinetist Hollis Carmouche hired him for his "Jazz Cajuns" group. It wasn't so much the music they were playing that made it special, nor even the fact it was here that Jones began developing his vocal talents. But it was Carmouche who introduced him to the bebop masters—and particularly trumpeter Clifford Brown.

"I thought bebop was crazy music. I didn't understand it. But then, I never even heard of Clifford Brown until 1978. That music was as foreign to me as avant garde would be to someone who just listens to straight music. I started late with it, but now I feel I can fit comfortably in any musical situation."

**"Even when he was in high school, he was monstrous."**

**—Terrence Blanchard**

"The longest gig for me on Bourbon Street was like six weeks, so I never had the opportunity to build up a following. And they'd always hire another band, a white band playing Dixieland. At one place I worked the owner was sitting at the bar with his buddies sending notes up to me saying 'Play more Dixieland music.' Meanwhile, the house is already 80% full. So I got on the mike, I said, 'This is the reason you're hiring so-and-so, because they play Dixieland. And I asked the people in the audience—and I don't normally do that 'cause it's not in my nature—I said, 'Are you folks enjoying this music?' And everybody applauded. The owner called me outside afterwards, he was really mad."

"What do you mean by embarrassing me in front of customers?"

"Well, you insulted me by sending that stupid note up. You knew what kind of music you were getting when you hired me. Furthermore, will you let me play out my week in peace and leave me alone?"

And you thought jazz had something to do with freedom of expression...

The final irony of all this is that Leroy Jones is still trying to shake off a misbegotten reputation as a "Dixieland" player. In a city where so many of the downtown clubs feature only the safest and most commercial jazz, this kind of situation is hardly surprising. Leroy feels fortunate to have a gig on his own terms. At Pete's Pub in the Intercontinental, he draws his listeners in with jazz/pop warhorses like "Ain't Misbehavin'" and then proceeds to challenge them with an extended rendition of John Coltrane's ballad "Naima." It is in these more introspective numbers that Jones gets most involved.

"When people think of a trumpet player, they often think of somebody who's gonna blow them out of the damn window. But it can be played delicately, and that's the type of trumpet playing that I want to explore."

Since 1980, Leroy has had an increasing number of opportunities to perform outside New Orleans. While the response is always greater (Holland made him an honorary "Ambassador of Goodwill" and a Canadian promoter paired him with Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson), Jones has no plans to leave his hometown permanently. And he hasn't been losing any sleep over the prospect of recording contracts or producers or big-time management firms. Interest in the music itself is foremost in his mind.

"I want to play with total logic and continuity," he says. "I've only been playing for 15 years. I'm still practicing. I'm looking forward to where I'll be ten years from now."



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## On Tour

Van Halen rocks all over the U.S.A. through mid-May.

## Hottest Videos

### Top Five Sony Video '45s

1. **David Bowie** ("China Girl," "Let's Dance," and "Modern Love")
2. **Duran, Duran** ("Girls On Film," "Hungry Like the Wolf")
3. **Michael Nesmith** ("Rio" and "Cruising" from *Elephant Parts*)
4. **Jesse Rae** ("Rusha" and "Desire")
5. **Todd Rundgren Videosyncracy** ("Hideaway," "Can We Still Be Friends," and "Time Heals")

### Top New Sony Video '45s

1. **Phil Collins** ("In the Air Tonight," "I Missed Again," "Through These Walls" and "Can't Hurry Love")
2. **Sheena Easton** ("Telephone," "Machinery," "Ice Out in the Rain," and "Morning Train (9 to 5)")
3. **Iron Maiden** ("Run to the Hills," "The Number of the Beast," "Flight of Icarus" and "The Troopers")
4. **Rick Derringer** (Video LP including "Easy Action," "Rock and Roll Hoochie Koo" and "Hang On Sloopy")
5. **The Kinks** ("Come Dancin'," "Don't Forget to Dance," "Predictable," and "State of Confusion")

## In the Studio...

Jefferson Starship are hard at work on their new RCA/Grunt album with producer Ron Nevison. The group cut basic tracks at the Automatt before moving over to the Plant for mixing and overdubs. These two prominent Bay Area studios have been hosting more than their share of California-based talent recently. **Bonnie Hayes & the Wild Combo** are at the Plant finishing up their new album *Brave New Girl* and **Tim Weisburg** is also at work on

a new LP. The Automatt has the **Dream Syndicate** recording their forthcoming A&M record with **Sandy Pearlman**, along with projects by **Narada Michael Walden** and **Holly Near**. ... No less than two bona-fide guitar heroes are at New York's Blue Rock Recording. **Tom Verlaine** is completing his new self-produced Warners album, while **Chris Spedding** is doing some demos. Meanwhile Blue Rock owner/Emmy-winning producer **Eddie Carvin** is working on a project with a new group, **The Hardbeats**. ... **The Plugz**, **Iggy Pop** and **Burning Sensations** are among the groups featured in the soundtrack to Universal's new film, *Repo-Man*. **Peter McCarthy** is producing the music at Cherokee Recording in LA with engineer **Brad Gilder**. Recent action at Cherokee also includes **Barbra Streisand** co-producing her new CBS single with **Marilyn** and **Allen Bergman**, and **Lindsay Buckingham** completing an Elektra project with producer/engineer **Gordon Fordyce**. ... Ultra-hot remix specialist **John "Jellybean" Benitez** is remixing singles for a wide range of artists at Sigma Sound Studios/NY. In for the "Jellybean treatment" are **Paul Simon**, **Cyndi Lauper**, **Billy Idol** and two tracks from the *Footloose* soundtrack by **Bonnie Tyler** and **Deniece Williams**. **John Luongo** is also at Sigma completing a **Blancmange** album and a remix of **Huey Lewis & the News** "I Wanna New Drug." At sister studio Sigma Sound/Philadelphia, hitmakers **Gamble & Huff** are producing a new record for **The O'Jays**. ... **Translator** spent a weekend at San Francisco's Hyde Street Studios recently, cutting a three-song demo with engineer **Garry Kreiman**. ... New York's Soundworks Digital Audio/Video Studios Ltd. reports that **Joe Cocker** is in the studio working on a new record with producer **Gary Katz**.

## Top of the Charts

No.	Albums	Singles
1	1984, <b>Van Halen</b> (Warner Bros.)	"Jump" <b>Van Halen</b> (Warner Bros.)
2	Milk and Honey, <b>John Lennon &amp; Yoko Ono</b> (Polydor)	"Thriller," <b>Michael Jackson</b> (Epic)
3	Footloose soundtrack (Columbia)	"99 Luftballons," <b>Nena</b> (Epic)
4	Learning to Crawl, <b>The Pretenders</b> (Sire)	"Wrapped Around Your Finger," <b>The Police</b> (A&M)
5	90125, <b>Yes</b> (Atco)	"Girls Just Want to Have Fun," <b>Cyndi Lauper</b> (Portrait)
6	Christine McVie, <b>Christine McVie</b> (Warner Bros.)	"Nobody Told Me," <b>John Lennon</b> (Polydor)
7	Touch, <b>Eurythmics</b> (RCA)	"I Want a New Drug," <b>Huey Lewis &amp; the News</b> (Chrysalis)
8	Genesis, <b>Genesis</b> (Atlantic)	"Karma Chameleon," <b>Culture Club</b> (Virgin/Epic)
9	Somewhere in Africa, <b>Manfred Mann's Earth Band</b> (Arista)	"Got a Hold on Me," <b>Christine McVie</b> (Warner Bros.)
10	Windows and Walls, <b>Dan Fogelberg</b> (Full Moon/Epic)	"Here Comes the Rain Again," <b>Eurythmics</b> (RCA)

Courtesy of The Gavin Report, a national radio music trade journal

## Personal Favorites

Neal Schon, lead guitarist for Journey, picks his five favorite guitar players:

1. **Albert King**; 2. **B.B. King**; 3. **Jeff Beck**; 4. **Michael Bloomfield**; 5. **Eddie Van Halen**



The boys in Duran Duran strike cool poses. Photo: Ann Summa

## Critic's Choice

### Iain Blair Takes On "The Fab Five"

Duran Duran is perhaps the perfect band for 1984. Everywhere you look you see their videos, their posters, their image — on TV, in clubs, on bedroom walls. And everywhere they go they provoke the kind of adolescent hysteria the likes of which America hasn't seen since the Fab Four first conquered these shores some twenty years ago. But every generation needs its own heroes, and in that respect there's nothing false or calculating about the frenzied screaming that greeted the band at their sold-out LA shows. But while The Beatles immediately appeared as four real kids from the streets, complete with blemishes and all, Duran Duran have magically emerged as five perfect beauty queens — the logical result of their stunning MTV campaign that built an entire image on exotic locations, and carefully manicured sex.

But of course there's a price to pay, and in a bizarre twist, the hysterical girls who rushed to the Forum to see their heroes in the flesh seemed far more obsessed by their huge video images on the screen above the stage than the lads themselves. Faced with similar abandoned adulation twenty years ago, The Fab Four wisely decided to retire from the circus of touring and concentrate on their music in the studios. Considering Duran Duran's latest songwriting efforts, it might be wiser for them just to concentrate on their videos.



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Boys of the Lough,  
Tipitina's, April 1.

## CONCERTS

### Sunday, 1

**April Fool's Anti-Reading: Poetry and Prose of Satire, Nonsense and Absurdity**, Maple Leaf Bar, 2:30 onward, caps with bells and inflatable pigs' bladders available at the door.

**National Art Critics Forum**, Contemporary Arts Center, 1 p.m. Call 523-1216 for more information.

**Mozart Spring Concert** with orchestra. St. Louis Cathedral, 3 p.m., free.

### Tuesday, 3

**Adam Ant; the Romantics**, UNO Lakefront Arena.

**Songs of Love and Betrayal**, a cabaret show with Parisian mezzo Helen Delavault, which sounds like just cup of cal'conc; Yvette Guilbert, of course, sang songs that alternated between Thomist Piety and the ghouliness of the *Theatre Grand Guignol*, hope Mme. Delavault is keeping this valuable tradition alive.

### Wednesday, 4

**Music at Midday**, violin and piano sonatas performed by Peter Hansen and Kelly Parkinson; Rogers Chapel, Tulane, noon, free.

**Adam Zagajewski**, Polish poet and Solidarity leader, reads from his works. Tulane, place TBA, 7:30; information at 865-5260.

### Friday, 6

**Ted Nugent**, the man whose idea of a peaceable kingdom is a trophy room—but still, a nonpareil. UNO Lakefront Arena, 8. **Grassroots**, Riverboat President. Sooner or later, you'll wait a million years because the river is wide...or something like that.

### Friday, 6-Sunday, 8

**WTUL Fund-Raising Marathon**, on the Quad with scads of live bands, including the Uptights on Saturday. Day long; free.

### Sunday, 8

**Tulane Concert Band**, Jackson Square, 1 p.m. Free.

**Chamber Music**, Grace Episcopal Church, 7:30; mezzo Leslie Jones and a chamber ensemble perform Bach's trio sonata from the *Musical Offering*. Information at 488-5142.

**World Saxophone Quartet**, Snug Harbor, shows at 6 and 9.

### Wednesday, 11

**Music at Midday**, David Evenson in a piano recital, Rogers Memorial Chapel, Tulane, free.

### Thursday, 12

**Eurythmics; Real Life**, McAlister Auditorium, 8 p.m. Another salute to Emil Dalcroze, who needs all of them he can get.

**Sister Aimee**, the world premiere of a new opera by Odaline de la Martinez and John Whiting based on the career, which some might call nefarious, of the founder of the Four Square Gospel, Sister Aimee Semple McPherson, whose kidnapping was one of the most mordantly lively *cause-celebres* of the Twenties. Dixon Hall, Tulane, 8 p.m. Information at 865-5269.

### Saturday, 14

**Sax Concert with Jamey Aebersold**, saxophonist and teacher; Dixon Hall, Room 118, 1 p.m. Information at 865-5139.

**Sister Aimee**, as above.

### Sunday, 15

**Sax Concert with Jamey Aebersold**, Dixon Hall, 7:30 p.m. Information at 865-5139.

**New Orleans Symphony**, free open-air concert, Washington Square Park, 2 p.m. Information at 524-0404.

**Billy Taylor and Trio**, a benefit for NOCCA, International Room of the Fairmont, 7 p.m. Information at 899-0055.

### Wednesday, 18

**Mummenschanz**, not a cycle of prints by one of the German "Little Masters," but a mime theatre / dance troupe. Dixon Hall, 8 p.m. Information at 865-5143.

### Friday, 20

**Climax Blues Band**, Riverboat President.

### Saturday, 21

**Jeff Lorber Fusion**, Riverboat President. **Judas Priest**, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum, Biloxi.

### Sunday, 22

**Judas Priest**, Baton Rouge Centroplex.

### Wednesday, 25

**Music at Midday**, clarinet and piano works performed by Van Philpot and John White. Rogers Memorial Chapel, Tulane, free.

### Friday, 27

**At the Fair Grounds**, Bo Diddley, Li'l Queenie and the Skin Twins, Guitar Slim, Jr., a cast of thousands.

**Jazz Fest Anniversary Party**, sponsored by Liberty Bank, Riverboat President, 7 p.m. and midnight. Fats Domino, the Neville Brothers, Dr. John plays Mac Rebennack.

### Saturday, 28

**At the Fair Grounds**, Fats Domino, Jerry (I Remember When Mama Said...) Butler, Swamp Pop revue, vigintillions more.

**Junior Philharmonic Society of New Orleans** in concert, Dixon Hall, 10:45 a.m.

**Soul at the Saenger**, Saenger Theatre, 7 p.m. and midnight. Ray Charles, the luscious Raelettes, and the Ray Charles Orchestra; Al Green; Dave Bartholomew's big band with guest vocalist Johnny Adams.

### Sunday, 29

**At the Fair Grounds**, Al Green, Earl King, Odomankoma Kyerema Troupe of Ghana and all the rice in China as well.

**Salute to New Orleans Jazz**, Riverboat President, 8 p.m. Included on this voyage through *luxe, calme et hot-cha* are Pete Fountain, Linda Hopkins, Percy and Willie Humphrey's Preservation Hall Bands and such international favorites as the Neptune Jazz Band of Zimbabwe, the N.O. Rascals of Osaka and the only-slightly-more-sedate sounding Sensation Jazz Band of Canada.

## CONCERT SERIES

**French Market Concert Series**, All from 1 to 3, all free. Sun.1: Pierre Descant. Sat.7: Frankie Lynn. Sun.8: Ted Riley. Sat.14: legendary New Orleans drummer Chester Zardis. Sun.15: Frank Federico. Sat.21: Danny Barker. Sun.22: Herman Sherman's Young Tuxedo Jazz Band; joined at 3 by the Desire Community Chorus. Sat.28: Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band. Sun.29: Pud Brown.

**New Orleans Philharmonic-Symphony**, Orpheum Theatre. Tues.3 through Thurs.5, Andrew Massey conducts, Guher and Suher are duo-piano soloists, in a program of Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms. Tues.24 and Wed.25: Philippe Entremont conducts with Gabriele Fontana as guest soprano in a program of arias by Mozart, Puccini and Stravinsky.

## LA. CLUBS

**Antler's**, 555 Jefferson, Lafayette, 318-234-8877.

**The Big Apple**, Highway 1, Larose, 693-8688. Seats 2000!

**Booker's**, 1040 Texas Ave., Shreveport, 318-425-2292.

**Chief's Southside**, (formerly Trinity's), 4365 Perkins Road, Baton Rouge, 388-9884.

**Circle In The Square**, Shreve Square, Shreveport. 318-222-2216.

**Clancy's Landing and Brick Street Tavern**, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-9611.

**Desperado Saloon**, Highway 90, Raceland, 1-537-3647.

**Emporium**, 2183 Highland Road, Baton Rouge, 387-9538.

**Enoch's—A Cafe**, 5202 Desiard Street, Monroe, 318-343-9950.

**Gibson Street Lounge**, Covington, 1-892-7057.

**Grant Street Dance Hall**, 113 Grant Street, Lafayette, 318-332-9569.

**Harry's Club**, 517 Parkway, Breau Bridge, 318-332-9569.

**Humphree's**, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-9611.

**Iron Horse**, 403 Phillip, Thibodaux, 1-447-9991.

**Jefferson Street Cafe**, 209 Jefferson, Lafayette, 318-234-9647.

**Mulate's**, Breau Bridge Highway, Breau Bridge, 318-332-4648.

**The Ol' Corner Bar**, 221 Poydras, Breau Bridge, 318-332-9512.

**Pam's Place**, Old Town, Slidell.

**Pappa Joe's**, 12375 Florida Blvd., Baton Rouge, 1-273-2376.

**Paradise Club**, 121 S. Buchanan, Lafayette, 318-232-5313.

**Party Town**, Military Road, Slidell, 1-649-3867.

**Ruby's Rendez-Vous**, Highway 190 in Mandeville, 1-626-9933.

**Rusty Nail**, 540 E. King's Highway, Shreveport.

**Scarlett O's**, 1025 Broad, Lake Charles, 318-436-8742.

**Slick's Music Hall**, Highway 31, St. Martinville, 318-394-3867.

**Steak and Lobster Inn's Fireside Pub**, 820 E. King's Highway, Shreveport, 318-868-5306.

**Steamboat Annie's**, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-424-8297.

**Tenth Floor**, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-425-7539.

**Toby's**, 1303 Grimmet Drive, Shreveport, 318-222-9903.

## LIVE MUSIC

**Acy's**, 1925 Sophie Wright Place, 525-7239. Wed.14: The Models. Other dates TBA.

**Augie's Del Lago**, West End Park. Sun.1: Keystone. Wed.4: Damascus. Thurs.5: Vital Signs. Fri.6 through Sun.8: Silk-n-Steel. Wed.11: Chain Gang. Thurs.12: The Clique. Fri.13 through Sun.15: Rainstreet. Wed.18 and Thurs.19: South. Fri.20 through Sun.22: Aqua. Wed.25: Andalusia. Thurs.26: Fury. Fri.27 through Sun.29: Tricks, courtesy of Renaud Camus.

**Beau Geste**, 7011 Read Blvd., 242-9710. Sunday through Thurs.: Larry Janca at 8. Fri. and Sat.: Larry Janca's Legionnaires (just as long as you can't catch that disease from getting too close), featuring Al Claude with Brenda, at 10.

**Blue Room**, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Through April 10: Roger Miller, like a pendulum do, and all the rest of it. Wed.11 through Tues.24: The Platters. Wed.25 through May 8: Robert Goulet. Reservations; dancing, as well.

**Bobby's Place**, 520 East St. Bernard Highway, Chalmette, 271-0137. Fridays and Saturdays: Bobby Cure and the Summer-time Blues.

**Bonaparte's Retreat**, 1007 Decatur, 561-9473. Ralph Cox, every day except Sunday.

**Bounty**, 1926 West End Park, 282-9144. Certainly the darkest and most "intime" of W.E. clubs. Fridays and Saturdays: Cross Over.

**Cafe St. Charles**, 509 Canal Street, 522-5266. Wednesdays through Saturdays, the James Drew Trio, including Jim Singleton and Jeff Boudreaux.

**Carrollton Station**, 8140 Willow, 865-9190. Blue grass Sundays, call for the other six days.

**Columns Hotel**, 3811 St. Charles, 899-9308. Wednesdays: Andrew Hall's

Society Jazz Band from 8 (horn charts by Nell Nolan).

**Deja Vu**, 400 Dauphine, 523-9170. Live music Sundays in the afternoons; we're told by our network of informers that the bands are young and that (for those elderly customers wheeled in in their patent chairs) they bring back perfectly that dim period of Sike-A-Delia.

**Dorothy's Medallion**, 3232 Orleans. Snake-dancing, examples of *adiposa dolorosa* in motion for Botero-eyed girl watchers, and Fridays and Saturdays, Johnny Adams and Walter Washington with the House Band.

**Dream Palace**, 534 Frenchmen. Fri.6: Nine Miles. Sat.7: Li'l Queenie and the Skin Twins. Fri.13: Allison and the Distractions. Sat.21: Mason Ruffner. Fri.27: the Sam Brothers Five (is this anything like the Seven Santini Brothers?). Sat.28: Marcia Ball.

**1801 Club**, 1801 Stumpf Blvd., 367-9670. Wednesdays through Saturdays: Janet Lynn and Ya Ya.

**Fairmont Court**, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Tuesdays to Saturdays, Judy Duggan occupies the piano bench from 9 to 1. Sundays and Mondays: Pat Mitchell at the same hours, and again during the week from 5 to 7.

**Fat Cats**, 505 Gretna Blvd., Gretna, 362-0598. Wednesdays: Nifty Fiftys at 9. Thurs. through Sat.: Janie Grice and Cross-town Traffic at 10:30. Sundays: Nifty Fiftys at 7:30.

**544 Club**, 544 Bourbon, 523-8611. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Gary Brown and Feelings. CMS from 9 to 9 Fridays through Sundays and from 9 to 3 other evenings.

**Fool on the Hill**, 1000 Bayou Black Dr., Houma, 851-6892. Sun.1: A Blue-Eyed Soul Revue. Fri.6-Sat.7: Bugs Henderson. Fri.13: that Blue-Eyed Soul Revue again. Sat.14: The Sheiks.

**Pete Fountain's**, in the Hilton, 523-4374. Pete Fountain and his band, at 10 nightly; one show only and reservations probably a good idea.

**Gazebo Cafe and Bar**, 1018 Decatur, 522-0862. Alfresco ragtime piano each afternoon and again as night is falling.

**Houlihan's**, 315 Bourbon, 523-7412. Live music of a jazz nature outside on weekdays from 7 to 11 saving Fridays; the music moves inside on weekends and starts two hours later.

**Ike's Place**, 1701 N. Broad, 944-9337. Sundays: Red Morgan and his band from 8. Thurs: Dynamite Red. Fri. and Sat.: Stepper the DJ.

**Jimmy's**, 8200 Willow, 866-9549. Thurs.5: The New Aviators. Fri.6: WTUL's rock-on marathon. Sat.7: Force of Habit and The Mistreaters. Tues.10: The Deno Cruise Band. Fri.13: The Models. Sat.14: The Backbeats. Thurs.19: Slow Sculpture. Fri.20: 3-D-B. Sat.21: Mrs. Bates and the Hands. Fri.27: The Radiators. Sat.28: Pop Combo. Fri. May 4: Backbeats. Sat. May 5: The Neville Brothers.

**Le Moulin Rouge**, 501 Bourbon, 524-4299. A Night In Old New Orleans (hope the Spring Fiesta Assoc. doesn't get wind of this...); with Becky Allen and her Chlorine Chorines demonstrating why care forgot the city; shows at 8 and 10, nightly save Sundays. Sun.4: Chuck Easterling and his band, from 9. Mon.5: Wanda Rouzan and her band.

**The Levee**, 738 Toulouse, 523-9492. Monday through Saturday, Ralph Cox, from 8. Sundays: Jazz jam.

**The Loop**, 6207 Franklin Avenue, 282-0501. Sat.7: The Generics. Sat.14: Force of Habit. Sat.21: Nothing Personal. Sat.28: The Models.

**Maple Leaf Bar**, 8301 Oak, 866-9359. Tuesdays: Li'l Queenie and the Skin Twins; Wednesdays: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Thursdays: Bruce Daigrepoint and Bourre. Sundays: the Wabash Company (sans cannonballs). Mondays: Endangered Species with Terry Manuel, Cyril Neville and Charles Moore. Thurs.5: Annual Cajun Dance Contest. Fri.6: Rockin' Dopsie and the Twisters. Sat.7: Beausoleil. Fri.13 and Sat.14: The Killer Bees (Bea Benaderet? Bea Lillie?) Fri.20: Exuma. Sat.21: Red Beans and Rice Revue. Fri.27: Marcia Ball.



Johnny Reno at Tip's April 7.



Reuben, Reuben, Prytania Theatre in April. Real Life, McAlister Auditorium, April 12.





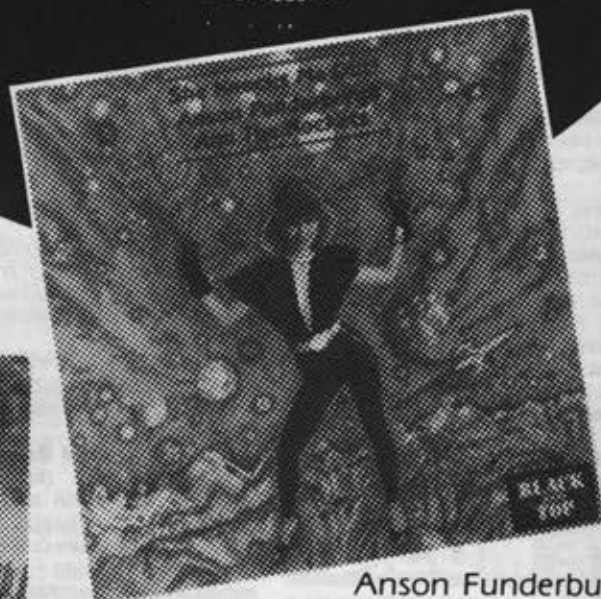
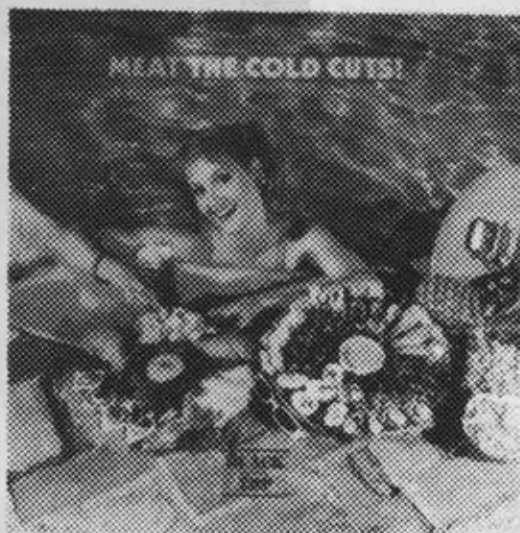
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Sat.28: Gatemouth Brown. Sun.29: Zachary Richard preceded by the Wabash Company.

**Menefee's**, 1101 N. Rampart, 566-0464. Call for information.

**Munster's Dance Hall and Bar**, 627 Lyons, 899-9109. Sat.7: Hour Gang. Sat.14: Esplanade. Sat.21: Esplanade. Sat.28: The Ravens.

**Old Absinthe Bar**, 400 Bourbon, 524-7761. Wednesdays through Sundays: Bryan Lee from 10 until 4 a.m. Saturdays and Sundays: Mason Ruffner and his Blues Rockers, from 4 to 9, and again on Monday and Tuesday from 9:30 until 2 a.m.

**Old Opera House**, 601 Bourbon. Mon.-Fri., the Loose Band from 4:45 to 8:30. Tues.-Sat.: Aubry Twins, from 9:15 'til Sat., Sun.: ELS from 3:30 to 8:30.

**Parkview Tavern**, 910 N. Carrollton, 482-2680. Fri.6: Bourne. Fri.13: Tim Williams. Fri.20: The Renegades. Fri.27: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers and shockers.

**Penny Post**, 5110 Danneel. Sundays, always open mike. Check the board as you go in.

**Pete's Pub**, Hotel Inter-Continental, 525-5566. Every day from 9 to 12, trumpeter Leroy Jones.

**Player's Club**, 399 N. Claiborne, 528-9988. Thursdays: Reggae Night.

**Pontchartrain Hotel**, Bayou Bar, 2031 St. Charles Ave., 524-0851. Bruce Versen from 5 until 9, during the week, save Thursdays and Fridays. Joel Simpson takes over post-cocktail and post-prandial keyboard duties and is joined by Rusty Gilder on bass on Saturdays.

**Preservation Hall**, 726 St. Peter, 523-8939. Along with Galatoire's and K-Paul's, one of the three places in town that consistently draws a long and deserved line outside; the only amenities are the musical ones. Sundays: Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band. Mondays and Thursdays: Kid Thomas Valentine. Tuesdays and Fridays: Kid Sheik Colar. Wednesdays and Saturdays: The Humphrey Brothers.

**Riverboat President**, Canal Street Docks, 524-SAIL. Fri.6: The Grassroots. Sat.7: Irma Thomas. Fri.20: Climax Blues Band. Sat.21: Jeff Lorber Fusion. Fri.27 and Sat.28: Jazz Fest events, for details of which see Concert listings.

**Seaport Cafe and Bar**, 424 Bourbon, 568-0981. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Sally Townes.

**711 Club**, 711 Bourbon, 525-8379. In the Showroom, Nora Wixted and John Autin from 9 on Sundays and Mondays; each other night, Randy Hebert. In the piano bar from 8, Thursdays—Mondays, Al Broussard.

**Club Silver Dollar**, 1254 N. Claiborne, 822-5226. Call for listings.

**Slidell Hotel Bar**, Slidell, 643-7020. Wed.4-Sat.7: TBA. Sun.1: Silk-n-Steele. Sun.8: Trace. Wed.11-Sat.14: Fresh. Thurs.19-Sun.22: Skruples. Thurs.26: Sheiks. Fri.27: Topcats. Sun.29: Trace.

**Snug Harbor**, 626 Frenchmen, 949-0696. Thurs.5: The Harry Connick, Jr. Quartet. Fri.6: Tony Klaatka's Quintet. Sat.7: The Pfister Sisters in their salute to Clabber Girl and Arm & Hammer, *Baking The Blues Away*. Sun.8: World Saxophone Quartet at 6 and 9. Thurs.12: Sensational Uptown. Fri.13: The Survivors led by debonair Ramsey McLean. Sat.14: Lyle. Sat.15: Edu and the Sounds of Brazil. Thurs.19: Sam Henry's 4-H Club (finally, some decent family entertainment). Fri.20: The Pfister Sisters in their *A Nightingale Sang In Coliseum Square* revue. Sat.21: Guitar Wars with Brad Catron, Steve Mars and Jimmy Robinson and Queensbury Rules. Sun.22: Mike Peller, David Torkanowsky, Johnny Vidovich. Thurs.26: Consensus. Fri.27: The Ellis Marsalis Quintet. Sat.28: Alvin Batiste. Sun.29: TBA.

**Sugar Mill**, Kenner. Fri.6: The Nobles. Sat.7: Sneaker. Fri.13: Southwind. Sat.14: The Contours. Fri.20: The Nobles. Sat.21: Southwind. Fri.27: Sneaker. Sat.28: Southwind. Wednesdays and Thursdays: The Topcats from 10.

**Tiptina's**, 501 Napoleon, 899-9114. Wednesdays in April: The Dirty Dozen.

Sun.1: Boys of the Lough (is Lough anything like a Slough, especially that one of Despond that John Bunyan wrote about). Thurs.5: McCoy Tyner and Tuts Washington (now that's some inspired programming). Fri.6: The Neville Brothers. Sat.7: Johnny Reno and His Sax Maniacs. Sun.8: WTUL Marathon with T-Bone Burnett who made perhaps the indispensable recording of "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend"—no kiddin'. Thurs.10: TBA. Thurs.12: Jason and the Nashville Scorchers. Fri.13: the Neville Brothers. Sat.14: Steve Morse and Woodenhead. Sun.15: WWOZ farewell party. Tues.17: John Mayall and his Blues Breakers with special guest "retired" Stone Mick Taylor (tentative). Thurs.19: Joe "King" Carrasco and the Crowns. Fri.20: Koko Taylor and her Blues Machine—and get out of the way when she kick starts that sucker. Sat.21: The Batiste Brothers pay tribute to the late, great Jackie Wilson. Tues.24: Touchstone. Thurs.26: Culture and the Soul Defenders. Fri.27: Clifton Chenier and his Red Hot Louisiana Band. Sat.28: The Neville Brothers. Sun.29: Marcia Ball. Mon.30: TBA. Tues. May 1: Bo Diddley and Offspring. Wed. May 2: Battle of the Brass Bands, featuring the Dirty Dozen, the Pin-stripes, and the Chosen Few with Tuba Fats. Thurs. May 3: The Gladiators.

**Tyler's**, 5234 Magazine, 891-4989. Modern jazz, good raw oysters. Mondays: Ellis Marsalis and Steve Masakowski. Tues.: Leslie Smith with Rick Daniels, Mike Peller, Rudy McCormick. Wed.: Mike Peller Quartet. Thursdays: Germaine Bazile. Fridays and Saturdays: The James Rivers Movement. Sundays: John Kaytron and Sally Townes.

## PLAYS

**Contemporary Arts Center**, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Through Sun.15: *Miss Margarida's Way*, a play whose only character is an 8th grade biology teacher.

**Minacapelli's Dinner Theatre**, 7901 S. Claiborne, 888-7000. Through May 5: *Oklahoma!*

**Players Dinner Theatre**, 1221 Airline Highway, 835-9057. From Sat.7: *A Shot In The Dark*, a French sex-and-crime farce, turned into (of all things) an Inspector Clou'seau movie on these shores.

**Rose Dinner Theatre**, 201 Robert St., Gretna, 367-5400. Through Sat.21: *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*, a Neil Simon farce. Thurs.26 through June 2: *Impolite Comedy*, certainly a promising title.

**Saenger**, 524-0876. Through Sun.1: *Camelot*, with Richard Harris going through the Lerner and Loewe version of *La Morte d'Arthur*. Tues.3 through Sun.15: *On Your Toes*, the Rodgers and Hart musical about a vaudevillian who gets involved with a temperamental ballerina, played in this instance by Leslie Caron. This musical is probably remembered more for introducing ballet to Broadway in the form of *Slaughter On Tenth Avenue*, rather than for its often delicious score—"Quiet Night," "Too Good for the Average Man," "The Heart is Quicker Than The Eye," and the often-overlooked title number.

**Theatre Marigny**, 616 Frenchmen, 944-2653. Through Sat.21: *Love When You Least Expect It* by actor-playwright-social-worker-bon-vivant Richard Chaney; the play deals with age crisis in a homosexual man. With the T.M. troupe: Sheran Schreiber, David Swisher, et al. Call the theatre for performance dates and times.

**Toulouse Theatre**, 615 Toulouse, 522-7852. Fridays through Sundays at 8: *One Mo' Time*. Tues.3: *Songs of Love and Betrayal*, cabaret with mezzo soprano Helene Delavault.

**UNO Theatre**, 286-6806. Fri.27 through May 2: *Ondine*, Giradoux's fantasy about a nixie, sort of.

## FILMS

**Contemporary Arts Center**, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Wed.4: *Personal Problems*,



Miss Margarida's Way, at the CAC through April 15.



The Killer Bees at the Maple Leaf Bar, April 13 and 14.



Songs of Love and Betrayal, Toulouse Theatre, April 3.

Edu and Henrietta Alves and the Sounds of Brazil, Snug Harbor, April 15.





**REGULAR  
FEATURES—**

**9:30 PM**  
SUNDAYS—  
Wabash Co.  
Blue Grass  
Band, 8 pm

MONDAYS—The Endangered  
Species w/Terry Manuel,  
Cyril Neville & Charles Moore  
TUESDAYS—Li'l Queenie & The  
Skin Twins

WEDNESDAYS—Mason Ruffner &  
The Blues Rockers

THURSDAYS—Bruce Daigrepoint  
& Bourre

**WEEKEND**

**ATTRACTIONS—**

**10:30 PM**

FRI. 6th—Rockin'  
Dopsie & The  
Twisters

# Maple Leaf Bar

**APRIL**

**WEEKENDS  
CONT.—**

SAT. 7th—Beau-  
soleil  
FRI. 13/SAT.  
14th—Killer Bees

FRIDAY 20th—Exuma

SATURDAY 21st—Red Beans &  
Rice Revue

**JAZZ**

**FEST**

**LINEUP:**

FRI. 27th—Marcia Ball

SAT. 28th—Gatemouth  
Brown

SUNDAY 29th—Zachary  
Richard

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Marathon

SAT. 7—Force of  
Habit & the  
Mistreaters

TUES. 10—Deno  
Cruise Band

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Models

SAT. 14—Back-  
beats

THURS. 19—Slow  
Sculpture

FRI. 20—3-D-B

SAT. 21—Mrs. Bates  
& the Hands

FRI. 27—Radiators

SAT. 28—Pop  
Combo

FRI. 4—Backbeats

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# NEW ORLEANS JAZZ & HERITAGE FESTIVAL

APRIL 27-MAY 6, 1984



**EVENING CONCERTS**

FRIDAY, APRIL 27, Riverboat President, 7:00PM & 12:00 Midnight\* Liberty Bank's "Jazz Festival Anniversary Party." Fats Domino; Dr. John plays Mac Rebennack; the Neville Brothers, (\$16.00).

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, Saenger Theater, 7:00PM & 12:00 Midnight, "Soul at the Saenger;" Ray Charles, the Raelettes, and the Ray Charles Orchestra; Al Green; the Dave Bartholomew Big Band with guest vocalist Johnny Adams, (\$16.75 or \$13.75 reserved seats).

SUNDAY, APRIL 29, Riverboat President, 8:00PM, "Salute to New Orleans Jazz," Pete Fountain; Linda Hopkins with the N.O. Storyville Jazz Band; Percy and Willie Humphrey's Preservation Hall Jazz Band. Following the concert there will be an "International N.O. Jazz Jamboree" featuring the Neptune Jazz Band of Zimbabwe, the N.O. Rascals of Osaka, Japan, (\$15.00 general admission).

TUESDAY, MAY 1, Theatre of Performing Arts, 7:30PM, "Fusion Night," with Stanley Clarke and George Duke; Gato Barbieri; Steve Masakowski & Mars, (\$16.00 or \$13.50 reserved seats).

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, Riverboat President, 7:00PM & 12:00 Midnight\*, "Tribute to Muddy Waters," with the James Cotton Band; Taj Mahal; the Fabulous Thunderbirds; Etta James; Pinetop Perkins; Bob Margolin; and a special film segment; (\$16.00).

THURSDAY, MAY 3, Riverboat President, 9:00PM, "Jazz Cruise," Sonny Rollins; Herbie Mann & the Family of Mann; Ellis Marsalis pays tribute to Duke Ellington, (\$15.00 general admission).

Prout's Club Alhambra, 728 N. Claiborne, 12:00 Midnight, "Prout's Jazz Jam I," with George Adams, Don Pullen, Reggie Workman, Ed Blackwell, Edward "Kidd" Jordan, Alvin Batiste, Smokey Johnson, Fred Kemp, Earl Turbinton, Jr., Willie Tee, Jim Singleton, and others, (\$8.00 general admission).

FRIDAY, MAY 4, Riverboat President, 7:00PM & 12:00 Midnight\*, "The Golden Age of Rock n' Roll," Roy Orbison; Johnny Rivers; Irma Thomas & the Professionals, (\$17.00 general admission).

Prout's Club Alhambra, 728 N. Claiborne, 12:00 Midnight, "Prout's Jazz Jam II," with Woody Shaw, Joe Newman, Ellis Marsalis, James Black, David Torkanowsky, Johnny Vidacovich, Tony Dagradi, and others, (\$8.00 general admission).

SATURDAY, MAY 5, Riverboat President, 7:00PM & 12:00 Midnight\*, "N.O. Rhythm Reunion," featuring the original Meters (Art Neville, keyboards; Zigaboo Modeliste, drums; Leo Nocentelli, guitar; and George Porter, Jr., bass), and their special guest Dr. John; Steel Pulse; the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, (\$16.00 general admission).

\*The Riverboat President will cruise for all except midnight concerts.

**LOUISIANA HERITAGE FAIR**

Fair Grounds Race Track, April 27-28-29, May 5-6, 11:00AM-7:00PM

**FAIR MENU**—Over 80 different culinary delights including crawfish tamales, fresh-squeezed Plaquemines Parish orange juice, blackened redfish, alligator piquante, seafood gumbo, boiled crawfish, shrimp creole, hot boudin, red beans and rice, po-boys, jambalaya, and lots more.

**FAIR CRAFTS**—Over 100 artisans from Louisiana and all over displaying, demonstrating, and selling their work. Plus Koindu with traditional African and contemporary African American crafts.

**FAIR MUSIC**—10 stages of simultaneous music with over 300 performances. Six outdoor stages and four tents. Over 12 different types of music.

**FAIR MUSIC SCHEDULE**

FRIDAY, APRIL 27—Bo Diddley, Kid Sheik & The Storyville Ramblers, Lil Queenie & the Skin Twins, Total Control, Lenny Zenith Pop Combo, Lillian Boutte & Her Jazz Friends, Bourre, James Drew Quartet, Jay Monque d Blues Band, John Delafosse, Ed Frank/Fred Kemp Sextet, George "Slim" Heard, The Aubry Twins & Fresh Air, The Pfister Sisters, Golden Eagles, Guitar Slim, Jr., Phil Parnell, Arthur Mitchell, Canray Fontenot, The Storyville Stompers, Allison & the Distractions, Mastermind, Pin Stripe Brass Band, David & Roselyn, The NOW Band...

SATURDAY, APRIL 28—Fats Domino, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, Jerry Butler, Linda Hopkins, Clifton Chenier, Kid Thomas Valentine, Al Belletto Quartet, The Improvisational Arts Quintet, The Dixie-Kups, Onward Brass Band, Marcia Ball, The Metrics, The James Rivers Movement, Neptune Jazz Band of Zimbabwe, Sam Brothers 5, Frankie Ford's Swamp Pop Jam featuring Johnny Allen, Warren Storm, Van & Grace Broussard, Rod Bernard & Jivin' Gene, Tommy Ridgely & the Untouchables, Daniel Ponce, Lloyd Glenn, A. J. Loria, The Copas Brothers, Bobby Marchan & Higher Ground, Bobby Mitchell, Charles Barbarin Memorial Brass Band, Gary Brown & Feelings, Luther Kent Blues Band, Kent Jordan Quintet, Bill Malone...

SUNDAY, APRIL 29—Al Green, Rita Coolidge, Arnett Cobb, Clarence "Frogman" Henry, Bobby "Blue" Bland, Zachary Richard & the Bayou Rhythm Band, New Leviathan Oriental Foxtroth Orch., Earl King, The Radiators, Papa John Creach, Wallace Davenport, Dollar Brand, The Wild Magnolias, Willie Tee, "Red" Tyler & The Gentlemen of Jazz w/Germaine Bazzle, Odumankoma Kyerema Troupe of Ghana, Russ Russell & the Rustlers, Helen Brock & the New Gospellettes of Houston, TX, Sady Courville & the Mamou Hour Band, Katie Webster Trio, Allen Fontenot, Eddie Bo & Robert Parker, Tony Dagradi & Astral Project, Doc Paulin Brass Band, The Batiste Brothers, The White Eagles, Tim Williams, Joseph Chailot...

SATURDAY, MAY 5—Jerry Lee Lewis, GrandMaster Flash, Odetta, John Lee Hooker, Irma Thomas & the Professionals, Danny Barker & His Jazz Hounds w/Blue Lu Barker, The Sheiks, Ellis Marsalis, Ed Blackwell, George Adams, Reggie Workman & Don Pullen, Oliver Morgan, Jean Knight & Jessie Hill, Dirty Dozen Brass Band, The Saxon Superstars of Nassau, Bahamas, Dewey Balfa & Friends, Kid Jordan's Elektrik Band, Placide Adams & the Original Dixieland Hall Jazz Band, Rising Star Drums & Fire Corps, Willie Metcalf, Alvin Batiste, Majestic Brass Band, Beausoleil, Ruben "Mr. Salsa" Gonzalez, R. L. Burnside, Troy DeRamus & the Country Kings...

SUNDAY, MAY 6—Bill Monroe & the Bluegrass Boys, The Manhattans, Steel Pulse, Mose Allison, The Neville Brothers, Queen Ida & the Bon Temps Zydeco Band, Woody Shaw, Joe Newman, Percy Humphrey & the Crescent City Joymakers, Olympia Brass Band, Snooks Eaglin, Earl Turbinton, Lil Queenie & the Percolators Reunion, Odetta, Charles Brown, Saxon Superstars of Nassau, Bahamas, Lee Dorsey, Caliente, Young Tuxedo Brass Band, Johnny Adams & Walter Washington, Exuma, Louisiana Purchase, The Famous Corinthian Gospel Singers of San Francisco, Deacon John, R. L. Burnside, The Survivors, Rockin Tabby Thomas & The Mighty House Rockers w/Henry Gray...

\*This is a partial list, a complete list with performance times will be available on the grounds.

(Schedule may be subject to change.)

**TICKET INFORMATION**

Adult Tickets—\$5.00 in advance, \$7.00 at gate.

Children 12 and under accompanied by parents—\$1.50 in advance, \$2.00 at gate.

Tickets available from all New Orleans and Baton Rouge Ticketmaster outlets or by mail order by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope, price of the tickets plus \$2.00 for shipping and handling to New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival, P.O. Box 2530, New Orleans, LA 70176.



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described by its maker, *litterateur* Ishmael Reed as a black soap opera. Wed.11: *Wild-rose*, a documentary on the northern Minnesota Iron Range by John Hanson and Sandra Schulburg. Wed.18: the Louisiana Committee for the Humanities will present films and tapes they've recently funded and also discuss what they might be prepared to do in the future. Wed.25: Open Screening.

**Loyola's Film Buffs Institute**, 895-3196. Tues.2: *Il Bidone*, a 1955 Fellini overlooked because of *La Strada* and *Cabiria*, but better than the former and almost the equal of the latter—and grim. Broderick Crawford's death-without-redemption at the end has true *terribilita*, as do his scenes with the crippled girl; he plays a confidence man who disguises himself as a priest. Thurs.12: *Five Easy Pieces*, Bob Rafelson's overrated bit of redneck-anomie, with some sterling performances amidst its relentlessly privileged low-key study of romanticism bursting out of unlikely quarters—especially Helena Kallianotes' by-now-legendary turn as the foulmouthed ecology-minded hitchhiking dyke. Mon.16: *Giulietta degli Spiriti*, Fellini's 1965 methedrine-fashion-show-cum-phantasmagoria of a bourgeois' housewife's day-dreams is certainly one of the screen's most opulently oddball works. Worth seeing for its macabre pacing alone—like corpses with keys in their backs—and for the cinematography of Gianni di Venanzo and the hallucinatory sets and costumes of Piero Gherardi; among the performers, Sandra Milo, Valentina Cortese, Silvana Jachino, Joe Luis de Villalonga, Valeska Gert and the ageless white-chocolate beauty of Caterina Boratto as the mother. Mon.30: *The Great Dictator*, Chaplin's 1940 slapstick editorial cartoon is simplistic and naive and corny, but also matchlessly precise in the observation that really matters; with Chaplin as the tramp and as Adenoid Hynkel, Der Phooey; and Paulette Goddard, Jack Oakie, Reginald Gardiner, Henry Daniell and Maurice Moscovitch as the sweet old man in the ghetto. Films are by either season subscription (\$15) or by \$1.50 admission; they are shown in Bobet Hall, Room 332.

**Prytania**, 5339 Prytania, 895-4513. Through Thurs.5: *Vertigo*, Hitchcock's 1958 dream of color and blondes and fear; don't miss it. Fri.6 through Thurs.26: *Reuben, Reuben*, Tom Conti is the Dylan Thomas-ish poet-hellion loose on an American campus in this film of the Peter DeVries novel. **Tulane Blue Door Theatre**. Tues.3: *Das Kabinette des Doktor Caligari* (the Carl Mayer-Robert Wiene 1919 film which changed the look and sense of movies ever afterward). Tues.10: *Ballet Mecanique* (Fernand Leger's 1924 cinematic transposition of his plastic philosophy; *Vormittagsspuk* (Hans Richter's witty 1926 avant-garde short with bowler hats flying about and seeming perfectly satisfied to do so); *Entr'acte* (Rene Clair and Francis Picabia cooked up this still-funny Dadaist nonsense of which the highlights are glimpses of Duchamp playing chess, a hearse pulled by a camel and a rather bizarre ballerina portrayed by Erik Satie); *A Trip To The Moon* (George Melies' 1902 travelogue). Tues.17: *Wavelength*, Michael Snow's film is one of the longest continuous bits of camera virtuosity ever.

**UNO** Tues.6 and Wed.7: *Media Showcase*, films and videos by faculty and students.

## ART

**Aaron-Hastings Gallery**, 1130 St. Charles, 525-5858. Through Thurs.26: drawings of friends and sex objects (or both?) by Skip Bolen. Sat.28 through May 17: drawings and prints by Alan Gerson.

**Academy Gallery**, 5256 Magazine, 899-8111. Through Wed.18: paintings and drawings by Kitty O'Meallie. Sat.28 through May 16: new work by Ted Potter.

**Arthur Roger**, 3005 Magazine, 895-5287. Through April 26: paintings, pots and perhaps a few cat-o-nines as well by Michael Ledet. Sat.28 through May 17: ab-

stracts by Allison Stewart.

**Bienville Gallery**, 1800 Hastings Place, 523-5889. In April: graphics by Debra Howell and paintings by Henry Klinowia, direct from America's Dairyland.

**Contemporary Arts Center**, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Sun.1: The National Art Critics Forum—just the thing for April Fool's. Through Sun.29: the Festival of New Works.

**Delgado Fine Arts Gallery**. Through Wed.4: a show by interior design students. Fri.6 through Mon.23: student photography. Fri.27 through May 9: Fine Arts students' show.

**Galerie Simonne Stern**, 2727 Prytania, 895-2452. Through Thurs.26: New work by Richard Johnson. From Sat.28: abstract paintings and prints by James Groff.

**A Gallery For Fine Photography**, 5432 Magazine, 891-1002. Through Wed.11: color photographs by Canadian contemporary photographers, in conjunction with the Canadian Consul Great Rivers exhibition. Thurs.12 through May: photographs by the last great living master of the classical allegory and the symbolic portrait, Clarence John Laughlin.

**Gasperi Folk Art Gallery**, 831 St. Peter, 524-9373. Through April: paintings on paper by Justin McCarthy.

**Historic New Orleans Collection**, 533 Royal Street, 523-4662. Through Sat.7: *The Rites of Rex*, an exhibition showing how the School of Design puts its pageant together, both this year and in years past. Tues.17 through the World's Fair: *Louisiana Alphabet*, prints, paintings and photos of indigenous items and creatures and states, arranged alphabetically.

**Louisiana State Museum**, on Jackson Square and elsewhere. Fri.6 through Nov.18: *A Century of Vision*, a show of Louisiana photographs taken between the two fairs, including works by Pops Whitesell, Frances Johnston, Mugnier, et alia up to the present. Sun.29 through November: *The Sun King*, an historical extravaganza from *la belle France* saluting the man who revoked the Edict of Nantes and inspired Saint Simon's Memoirs, including documents, paintings, objects, and decorative arts, furniture, sculpture, etc. from *le grand Siecle*.

**Mario Villa Gallery**, 3908 Magazine, 895-8731. Through Thurs.27: *Colonial Religious Art* (no wonder George Febrés left town) and *Influence Today*, contemporary work on themes germane to the Church Militant by gallery artists. Sat.28 through May 16: bronze sculpture by Gyuri Hollosy and jewelry designed by artists.

**New Orleans Museum Of Art**, City Park, 488-2631. Sun.1 through Sun.15: *NOPS at NOMA V*, the museum's annual show of art by New Orleans Public Schools students.

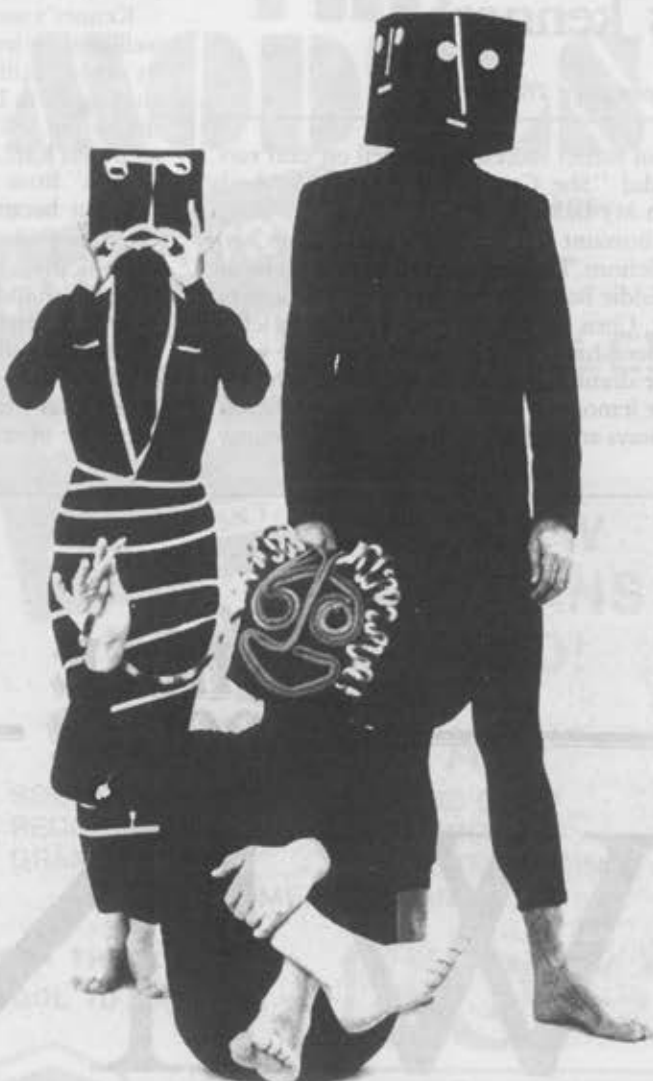
**Optima Studio**, 2025 Magazine, 522-9625. Through Thurs. April 26: works by John Stennett. Sat.28 through May 17: paintings and collages by Frederick Shopfner.

**Tilden-Foley**, 4119 Magazine, 897-5300. Through Wed.25: figurative paintings by Randall Schmit, and sculptural paintings by Amy Archinal. Sat.28 through May 15: larger than life figurative paintings by Terry Elkins and polaroid emulsion portraits by Craig Dietz of such local fauna as Allen Toussaint and Sonny Norman.

**Tulane Fine Arts Gallery**, Newcomb Campus. April Fool's Day: Newcomb Spring Arts Festival (an Undergraduate Juried Exhibition opening that day is up until Fri.6). Fri.6: Odaline de la Martinez, local musician and composer of part of the noon *Dialogues with New Orleans Women Artists*. Sun.8 through Wed.25: an exhibition, housed in the Newcomb Nursery School, in honor of the National Week of the Child; the reception features cookies and lemonade. Sun.15 through May 3: MFA Thesis Exhibition.

**UNO Fine Arts Gallery**, Lakefront Campus, 286-6493. Through April: *Southern Folk Images*, a show of 50 pieces by David Butler, Bill Traylor, Henry Speller.

**Left and top: mime and dance contortionists Mummenschanz at Dixon Hall, April 16. Left bottom: "Frog" by Klinowia, Bienville Gallery, April.**





## chris kenner

Cont'd from page 26

the spirit of earlier successes, but fell on deaf ears. So, too, did "She Can Dance" b/w "Anybody Here Seen My Baby."

After Toussaint left to form a partnership with Marshall Sehorn, Kenner's sessions were put in the hands of Eddie Bo and, later, Sax Kari. "As a recording artist, Chris lost his direction after Allen left," explains Banashak. "The more he tried, the worse he got. He drank too much at sessions and he had to squeeze lemons to make his voice sound better. He was always around the office borrowing money.

Chris just couldn't get it together."

Kenner's song ideas were quickly evaporating as well, and his later Instant releases were often penned by others. Still, he managed a few good sides, including "I'm Lonely, Take Me," produced by Eddie Bo and "Wind The Clock," written and arranged by Sax Kari. There also was "Stretched My Hand To You" from 1967, which didn't do much nationally, but became a big local record as "Coo Coo Over You" by the Hueys on Instant.

Ironically, his 1968 Instant release of "Sad Mistake" would signal a screeching halt to Kenner's recording career. Not long after, Kenner was arraigned on a charge of statutory rape of a minor and began a three-year stretch in Angola. Lee Bates claims that the unfortunate incident involved the daughter of an ex-girlfriend and that Kenner was

framed by the girl's daughter. However, Earl King, Joe Banashak and Percy Stovall all said that Kenner already had a similar charge pending, but that he'd had no money to bargain with the second time around, even though the shrewd Charles Levy was still his lawyer.

While Kenner was serving his time, he was joined by fellow New Orleanian James Booker, who had been sent up for possession of heroin in 1970. While in Angola, Kenner contacted the A.G.A.C. (Amaglamated Group of American Composers) to collect his composers royalties. According to Earl King, \$21,000 was waiting for Kenner upon his release in 1972, but it was gone in less than two months.

Kenner attempted to put together the broken pieces of his career, enlisting the aid of Ike Favorite, confidant of Fats Domino, as manager. Things were slow in New Orleans, and gigs and recording deals were scarce. In 1974, he cut a session for Senator Jones which resulted in two terrible singles for the Hep' Me label. The following year he made his first and only appearance at the New Orleans Jazz Festival, but failed to turn many heads, including this author's.

When Quint Davis began booking R&B acts in 1976 at the 501 Club (later to become Tipitina's) Kenner often shared the bill with the likes of Professor Longhair and Earl King. Local producer Isaac Bolden was interested in recording new material on Kenner, and had gone as far as cutting some demos. However, Kenner's comeback never happened, as he died of an apparent cardiac arrest in January 1977.

"Last time I saw Chris was in the 501 Club," says Earl King. "He was dressed real nice in a black suit and a white shirt. He was sober that night because he sounded real good with us.

"Chris had started to hang down by the K&B on St. Charles and Louisiana, and all of a sudden he didn't show up any more, and people were asking about him. He was living in a rooming house on the corner of Dryades and Jackson, next to Bea Booker's house [Ms. Booker was a well-respected pianist]. She noticed his car hadn't moved for a few days and sent her husband over to check on him. He managed to get Chris' door open, but the night latch was on and a terrible odor came out. They called the police and they broke down the door. Apparently, Chris had just come out of the shower and he fell on the bed. Chris had gained a lot of weight back and I think it put too much strain on his heart."

Details concerning Kenner's death and burial were kept hushed, without immediate notice in the local papers, and no effort was made by Kenner's family to contact his friends. "It was quiet, extra quiet," agrees Lee Bates, who was deeply hurt by the circumstances. "Nobody said a word about a funeral, everything was secret. I don't even know where he was buried. I don't think that was right. Chris was a star and nothing was done for him."

"Funny thing," points out Earl King, "I really thought Chris might be turning things around. He had cut Levy loose as his lawyer and he was asking me about how to form a publishing company. He felt really bad about his son, Chris Kenner, Jr., being sent to Angola [Kenner's wife was also doing time for shooting a man in a bar] and he said he was going to start to change his ways."

Lee Bates, who considered himself Kenner's best friend, eulogizes Kenner's career best by saying, "I was up and down with Chris two or three times. I was with him when he had to steal 36¢ to buy a plate of red beans at Sam's. Then the next thing you know he's driving around in a brand new car. Everytime he was down he'd say, 'Lee, next time I get back up again, I'm not gonna mess up no more.' But he always did the same thing. I guess things just happened too fast for Chris."

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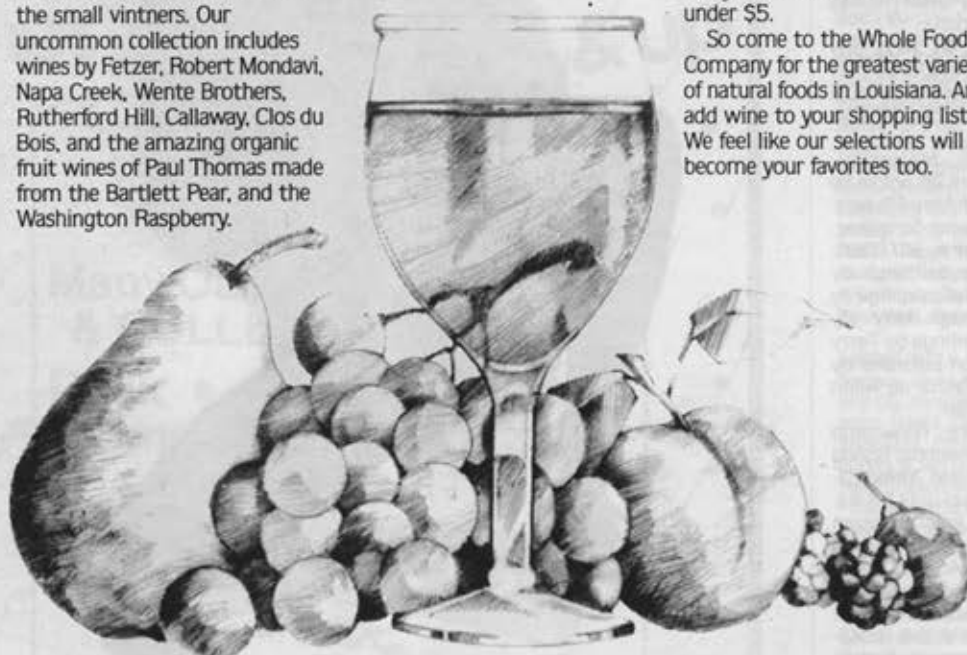
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## classifieds

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FRI. 27th • The Sam Bros. Five  
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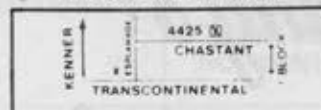
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## last page

April already, which reminds us of the absolute worst-band-in-the-world April Wine, hailing from Canada, which is north of Destrehan. April also reminds us of the wonderful Nino Tempo & April Stevens, whose "Deep Purple" was bumped from the Number One position on *Billboard's* Hot 100 in November, 1963 by "I'm Leaving It Up To You" sung by Louisiana's own Dale & Grace. The day before, President John F. Kennedy was assassinated by a man who once lived on Magazine Street. A mournful nation responded by purchasing sufficient quantities of the Singing Nun's "Dominique" to enable that curious record to top the pop charts for the entire month of December, 1963.

Well, it is now 1984 and anonymous persons are spray-painting Bible verses on highway underpasses and plagues of locusts are arriving in New Orleans for the World's Fair and Rev. Jerry Lee Lewis (see Revelation 19:7-8) is cruising down from Nesbit, Mississippi to preach at the Jazz and Heritage Festival. The Killer will be accompanied on stage by—and we're cutting our own throats by saying this because we promised Quint Davis that we could keep a secret but since you've probably caught on to the religious drift of this month's issue, we feel that it is in the best ecumenical interest of our readers to spill the (lucky) beans—direct from Belgium, the Singing Nun! And not only that—Rev. Lewis plans to marry the Singing Nun during his encore and we've heard that either Governor Edwin Edwards or J.J. Jackson will perform the ceremony.

Meanwhile, John Travolta, who looks like someone from Kenner, spent part of last month listening to guitarist Steve Masakowski at Tyler's and dancing to Endangered Species (featuring Cyril Neville and Terry Manuel) at the Maple Leaf. Speaking (for the



Uh oh. The Killer's back in town.

37th time) of the Nevilles, Aaron recently confided that the *only* thing that wrests him away from home and televised wrestling matches is an "Amos 'n' Andy" double-feature at the Pitt. We'll certainly second that emotion!

Speaking of Algonquin J. Calhoun, we have been notified by Joe Jones, "theatrical management consultant," that he is "the only authorize [sic] person on planet earth [sic] to handle James Booker's business." Concerning this matter, the Piano Prince could not be reached for comment. Mr. Jones, for the benefit of those wee babes in the audience who think Low Life of Surfin' Jesus is an old man, was responsible for the 1960 hit, "You Talk Too Much."

Steve Conn of Boulder, Colorado, leads a band called Gris Gris, which plays "slightly demented" music and can't get booked at the Jazz Fest. Conn complains that it's discrimination against Coloradols and if anybody wants to check, his bloodlines are

pure: graduation from LSU, able performance on two Beausoleil albums and of course, birth in Pineville. Pineville? Isn't that where they have the *insane asylum*?

Seriously, gentle readers (to cop a phrase from Miss Manners), we almost felt as if *we* were going nuts when we opened an innocent-looking package from Pressure Drop Records and discovered "Mental Disorder," the latest album by Jon Neulin. Whew! We almost thought it said "Jon Newlin." Jon Neulin is a sort of fruity Englishman with an *Eraserhead* hair-do; Jon Newlin is, of course, this journal's resident aesthete/typographer, a deacon at St. Charles Avenue Presbyterian Church and the father of three adolescent daughters, all of whom attend Country Day.

Denise from Siren wishes to announce that her brother is the band's new guitarist and that they'll both open for His Imperial Jalapenoness, Joe "King" Carrasco, at Tipitina's on April 19. Johnny Reno, the brother-in-law of Carrasco's foxy organist, will bring his Sax Maniacs to the same venue on April 7.

You'll notice we haven't made any perverse references to male anatomy so far but have we mentioned the Meters? In French? Might we quote from *Jazz, Blues and Co.*, the Parisian "journal taille dans la pierre par des gens qui n'y connaissent rien pour ceux qui ne savent pas grand chose," edited by Collette Sawisky?

"Ils participent au Festival de Montreux ou le public ne leur reserve pas un accueil des plus chaleureux, ainsi qu'au cours du concert de Paris, une majorite de fossiles, dans une salle Pleyel plutot vide, est loin de se douter que la musique populaire de New Orleans a pu evoluer depuis les beaux jours de l'Original Dixieland Band en 1914."

Certainement! Oh, by the way, boys and girls: April Fools!

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1 <b>BOYS OF THE LOUGH</b>	2 <b>CLOSED</b>	3 <b>UPTIGHTS</b>	4 <b>DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND</b>	5 <b>MCCOY TYNER</b> W/SPECIAL GUEST <b>TUTS WASHINGTON</b>	6 <b>THE NEVILLE BROTHERS</b>	7 <b>JOHNNY RENO AND HIS SAXMANIACS</b>
8 <b>WTUL MARATHON</b> W/T-BONE BURNETT PLUS OTHER SPECIAL GUESTS	9 <b>CLOSED</b>	10 <b>UK-SUBS</b>	11 <b>DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND</b>	12 <b>JASON &amp; THE NASHVILLE SCORCHERS</b>	13 <b>NEVILLE BROTHERS</b>	14 <b>STEVE MORSE WITH WOODENHEAD</b>
15 <b>WWOZ'S FAREWELL PARTY</b> w/all kinds of music, starting at 7:30. Call 891-2335 for details.	16 <b>CLOSED</b>	17 <b>JOHN MAYALL'S BLUES BREAKERS</b> FEATURING FORMER ROLLING STONE <b>MICK TAYLOR</b>	18 <b>DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND</b>	19 <b>JOE "KING" CARRASCO &amp; THE CROWNS</b>	20 <b>KOKO TAYLOR AND HER BLUES MACHINE</b>	21 <b>THE BATISTE BROTHERS</b> 1984 BLUES REVUE FEATURING MUSIC OF THE 60'S AND 70'S— Johnny Adams & others in a tribute to Jackie Wilson & the music of Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett, etc.
22  <b>CLOSED</b>	23 <b>CLOSED</b>	24 <b>TOUCH-STONE</b>	25 <b>DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND</b>	26 <b>THE ORIGINAL CULTURE AND THE SOUL DEFENDERS</b> REGGAE from JAMAICA	27 <b>CLIFTON CHENIER &amp; HIS RED-HOT LA. BAND</b> W/SPECIAL GUEST <b>LLOYD GLENN</b>	28 <b>NEVILLE BROTHERS</b>
29 <b>MARCIA BALL</b> W/SPECIAL GUEST <b>KATIE WEBSTER</b>	30 <b>LI'L QUEENIE AND THE PERCOLATORS</b>	1 <b>MAY BO DIDDLEY AND OFFSPRING</b>	2 <b>BATTLE OF THE BRASS BANDS</b> FEATURING The Dirty Dozen, The Pinstripes, and The Chosen Few w/Tuba Fats	3 <b>THE GLADIATORS</b> REGGAE FROM JAMAICA	4 <b>DEACON JOHN</b> & The N.O. Blues Revue w/Special Guest Etta James & Earl King	5 <b>THE RADIATORS</b>
6 <b>THE NEVILLE BROTHERS</b>						

501 Napoleon Ave., corner Tchoupitoulas — Phone 899-9114



Anything  
can happen.



Cuervo  
Premium Tequila